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EVER since early spring the few prophets who have refused to allow a disconcerting epoch to rob them entirely of heart for their calling have been pointing to the end of the present month or the beginning of the next as likely to unfold some sort of decision in the Ruhr and usher in a new phase of the reparations controversy. The reasons for these predictions vary, of course, as greatly as do the precise nature of the foretold events themselves. Some are based upon an estimate of the limit of Germany's endurance; some upon a similar estimate for France; while some seem to rest simply upon the theory that human suffering and discontent find their best opportunity of upsetting the plans of governments during the summer months when all the open air serves for a meeting place. As the appointed hour approaches the task of prophesy should grow simpler. How do the chances look to-day?

TWO years ago the German Republic would probably have broken up in a few weeks under anything approaching the economic strain to which it has been subjected for the last five months. The utter collapse of the mark, with the corresponding depression in real wages, must have made this a period of greater suffering for the masses of the German people than any that has occurred since the blockade was lifted in 1919. Yet to-day the position of the Republican Government seems to be both clearer and stronger than it has been since the beginning of the present year; clearer, because, in the face of successive French threats, the necessity of resistance becomes daily more apparent; stronger, because the great majority of Germans seem to have finally reconciled themselves to the sacrifices involved. It is not a case of Herr Cuno's aspiring to the rôle of the German Gambetta; it is simply a case of there being no other course open to him or, for the matter of that, to any other democratic German leader. Active resistance, whatever the extreme nationalists profess to think, would mean nothing but playing into the hands of the French; and though the communists might try to pursue the opposite road, there was surely some significance in the way the recent communist disturbances in the Ruhr petered out—it could hardly be claimed that a govern-

ment without police and without troops suppressed them. It is true, of course, that by all economic standards Germany should be approaching exhaustion; but when profound moral forces are aroused, as they are here, when a people suddenly re-discovers its sense of national unity, it is necessary to discount pretty severely the ordinary material factors.

WHAT of France? Apart from one great industry, her general economic life is only indirectly affected by the occupation. It is her public finances that are in disorder; but unfortunately the disorder is so appalling that the few hundred millions required for the Ruhr make little difference. With her too, then, it will be largely a question of moral endurance, or rather of strength, to persist in her contempt of world opinion. That she is not insensible to the feeling of distrust she almost universally inspires was proved by the fury with which she disputed the mildly pontifical strictures of the Pope's letter to Cardinal Gaspari; and though the first apparent effect of the papal intervention was M. Poincaré's violent but successful appeal to the comparatively liberal Senate for further Ruhr credits, it must not be forgotten that there is still a large and devout population in the provinces that will sooner or later, in spite of the regimented press of Paris, be affected by the Pope's counsel.

THE trouble is that Paris is still France, or at least official France, and that official France is still almost unanimous in its determination to pursue a desperate programme. Revelation of its secret purposes follows revelation. A few weeks ago it was the Saar, where one of the most grotesquely arbitrary decrees a modern government has ever been guilty of served to call attention to that 'delicate, sustained and prudent policy' (vide M. Dariac's secret report) by which seven hundred thousand German miners are to be induced to vote for union with France. Yesterday it was the relations of her High Commissioner in the Rhineland with the leaders of the so-called Rhenish separatists—that 'tender liaison which could not be confessed to the world', but which, on the admission of the High Commissioner himself, had reduced the wretched Dr. Dorten to the level

of 'a subordinate agent in French pay'. But what have such things as these to do with the Ruhr and reparations? Everything; for they are all part and parcel of the one policy, pursued persistently by successive French governments during the war and since—the policy that supplied the worst of the secret treaties, the policy that ruined Mr. Wilson at Paris and half-destroyed the League of Nations, the policy that to-day, not content with the largest army in Europe, draws England into a race for air armaments and threatens, in the name of security, to turn Europe once again into a shambles.

IN many quarters it is being asserted that the key to the whole situation lies in Mr. Baldwin's hands and that he intends to use it. It is true that the last German note gave the British Government the general offer with pledges that they had virtually asked for; but M. Poincaré has announced that he will only co-operate in a reply if Britain joins him in his demand for a complete cessation of passive resistance and at the same time binds herself to negotiate exclusively on the basis of the French proposals of January. Clearly Mr. Baldwin cannot accede to these conditions; but can he, with a following that contains such British support as there is for French policy, launch out on the only alternative of an attempt at settlement over France's head? To say the least, it seems to be doubtful; and yet it is altogether likely that the next few weeks will re-echo with the familiar rumours of settlement. Ruling out the comparatively remote chance of a capitulation by a communist government in Berlin, one can only repeat that such rumours can mean nothing until there has been, not only a change of government, but a change of heart in France, and that certainly the second of these changes is unlikely to take place until the fall of the franc (which should begin to accelerate with the seasonal variation of the early autumn) has had time to make itself felt.

THE outstanding event in Canadian politics during the past month has been the overthrow of the first of the Farmer governments to be established in any of the Canadian provinces. Elsewhere in this issue we have analysed the factors which contributed to the return of a Conservative government in Ontario. One amusing feature of the result is the tendency even in high places in the Conservative Party to regard the victory as a return to what is spoken of at times as the 'British system of government' and at times as 'responsible government'. As a matter of fact the mother of parliaments has been much less devoted to the two-party system than the United States, where the evil effects of highly organized partisanship are all too apparent. And the only kind of responsible government worth having is that which responds readily to the will of

the people as expressed by their elected representatives. Rarely in the history of Canada has a government been more responsive to public opinion than was the late Government. Being without a clear majority in the House, Mr. Drury had always to depend on the excellence of any measure for its safe passage; unless its character was such as to appeal not only to his own supporters, always impatient of strict discipline, but also to a number of Liberals or Conservatives, a bill could not hope to survive. The result was some very good legislation and no very bad legislation, and it was only during the last session that political manoeuvering tended to interfere with the proper conduct of public affairs.

MR. FERGUSON with his large majority will be able to show whether better and more responsive government results when opposition forces are distinctly in a minority. In selecting his cabinet he appears to have done well with the material at his command. The choice of Mr. Nickle for the key position of Attorney-General will give the public confidence that the laws of the province will be properly administered. Mr. Nickle as a critic was sometimes petty, but he has a good reputation in Kingston and abroad. It is an interesting fact that four years ago Mr. Drury sought him for the same position. Mr. Martin as Minister of Agriculture is a much happier choice than Mr. Henry would have been; and the latter is wisely given charge of roads. Mr. McCrea is a man of ability, quite adequate to the department of Mines. The Premier has decided himself to be Minister of Education, following the precedent set by Mr. Scott in Saskatchewan. Mr. Ferguson has these qualifications at least for his supremely important task: he is familiar with the Department by reason of having acted as understudy for Dr. Pyne, he has been described by Dr. Cody as an 'intellectual', and he will quite satisfy the editor of the *Orange Sentinel*. The most significant fact about the Government is the omission of two names, those of Colonel J. A. Currie and Mr. M. M. MacBride. Mr. Currie as organizer of the filibustering which prevented the passage of the alternative vote had really earned some reward, since it is probable that the want of electoral reform gained at least ten seats for the Conservatives. Evidently the better elements of the party insisted on his exclusion and on that of the Brantford member whose defection to the Conservatives followed his disappointment at not being included in the Drury Government as Minister of Labour. Every feast must have its jest and its jester, and Dr. Forbes Godfrey as Minister of Labour and Health adds a delightful touch. No doubt the genial doctor will be unremitting in his labour to sustain the health of his colleagues and a widening circle of friends.

THE industrial situation in Cape Breton is grave enough. Apparently the whole working population of the island has been provoked into general protest by the calling in of police and troops to protect the British Empire Steel Corporation against anticipated trouble from its striking employees. With only press reports to depend on, it is difficult to appraise the merits of the dispute. The action of the provincial authorities in rushing in troops from far and near can be justified only by the prospect of serious disturbances; otherwise it is merely provocative of trouble, and has this serious result—that it suggests to the strikers that the arm of the law is bared only to support their opponents. The appearance of H.M.S. *Wistaria* on the scene—a strange and exotic flower, the wistaria—is another feature which invites criticism. The Scots-Canadians who toil in the dingy mines of Cape Breton will hardly be made more loyal to British institutions by the sight of a British warship in the offing. The two most prominent strike leaders have now been arrested for issuing news which is alleged to be false and calculated to do the Government harm. They had accused the police of beating women and children in brutal fashion. Strenuous times no doubt demand strenuous measures, but we are bound to observe that, if the spreading of false news calculated to do a government harm were ordinarily regarded as a criminal offence, a good many opposition editors and orators would be gracing our gaols about election time. The workers of Cape Breton are of sturdy Canadian stock. They know how to stand together as their unique success in co-operative business shows. If they have a good case they will probably win, and the Government will have cause to regret the precipitate introduction of armed force to support organized capital against organized labour.

IN the passing of F. M. Bell-Smith, R.C.A., the art world of Canada has lost a distinguished figure and one of the pioneers of Canadian painting. He was first much engaged with photography, but his training in London and under his father (a portrait painter and first president of the Canadian Society of Artists), together with great natural facility, soon placed him among the leading artists. He was progressive, and after living in Canada many years he went to Paris to study, and profited much in his style and outlook. He was a charter member of the Canadian Society of Artists founded in Montreal in 1867, a founder member of the Ontario Society of Artists, 1872, and president of that body from 1905 to 1908. When the Royal Canadian Academy was founded in 1880, being regarded as one of the

younger painters, he was made an associate member, but shortly after was elected an Academician. His mastery of perspective, both linear and aerial, shows in his paintings of street scenes in London and elsewhere. One of the most notable of his large works in oil, *The Lights of a City Street*, which shows the corner of King and Yonge Streets, Toronto, in 1894, is an example of his versatility in general technical knowledge and power of composition. A very important side of Bell-Smith's work was his depicting of the Rocky Mountains, and his water-colour paintings of the great Canadian wilderness will live for their veracity and strength. Among the artists of Canada he was always a sincere and conscientious worker.

WE hear much, at the present time, about the beginnings of Canadian literature, among which should be reckoned the still unwritten traditions of the countryside. Unfortunately, outside of the Maritime Provinces, the folk-lore of English-Canada has scarcely been explored; but in French-Canada there is readily available for writers a large and cohesive body of folk-tales and legends. Not all of these are indigenous; many were brought over from Normandy and Britanny and belong to the general body of European folk-lore. They are variants upon familiar themes in France, Germany, Ireland, and other countries of middle Europe; but, whatever their origin, they are now firmly rooted in Canadian soil. Already they have borne excellent fruit in the province of Quebec, where literature is developing in a natural and healthy way out of the tales of the people. Elsewhere in this issue appears the first of a series of six legends from this French-Canadian field. In them Mr. Wallace has attempted, not merely to reproduce narratives that are current throughout the countryside, but to catch the spirit of the story-teller, and to show something of the *verve* of a character that we are in danger of losing in these days of compulsory education. For book-lore is the enemy of folk-lore. The French-Canadian *conteur* is perplexing in his contradictions, half poet and half buffoon. He can be sad and gay at the same moment; he can be pious without losing his sense of humour, and utterly flippant without impairing his reverence for the things that are sacred. The tone of some of these tales, in which personages of another world are introduced with easy familiarity, is reminiscent of the early miracle plays. The heavenly host have nothing metaphysical about them; and here, as in the fourteenth century, the devil plays the part of comedian—without, of course, altogether losing his dreadfulness.

A POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT WRITES: Dull and colourless, is the general verdict upon the session which has just ended at Ottawa. Its crop of legislation has been meagre and some of it, like the copyright bill, is unspeakably bad. Democracy has been made safe for the banks who are now purring over fresh ten-year charters, and Mr. Motherwell has managed to get oleomargarine placed in the same category as opium. Redistribution has been shelved, and by way of punishment for his insurgency Mr. Macmaster was not allowed to reap any real fruits from the exhaustive and illuminating researches of his special agricultural committee. However, some serious grievances of the veterans have been remedied and machinery has been set up for curbing the rapacity of the shipping combine on the Great Lakes. But, while not completely barren, the session's educational value has been small and it has not materially advanced the process of liquidation which is an indispensable prelude to healthy politics and satisfactory governance for this fair Dominion. The Government played for safety and have contrived it, but they have clearly passed the noonday of their fortunes. They are now definitely on the defensive and the initiative has passed from their hands. The strange brood of supplementary estimates which emerged in the last week disclosed their obvious line of strategy; they intend to placate by abundant largesse, distributed with a fine contempt for the state of the Treasury, such constituencies as have proven their fidelity, and trust to fortune and divisions among their critics for salvation. It wins applause in Quebec and Nova Scotia; not a cove in the latter province has been missed and he was a true economist who suggested that one majestic wharf should be built round the whole province.

* * *

The Cabinet changes still hang fire, but their announcement is imminent. The subsidy of \$15,000 for the thrifty Scots of Pictou to drink their own healths at their anniversary ceremonial on July 15th in such libations as they can procure is generally interpreted as a sign that Mr. E. M. Macdonald intends to cease being a demi-Minister and face the ordeal of a by-election. One of the few picturesque figures in the House, Mr. Macdonald regards politics as a modern adaptation of the Highland clan feud of his forbears and on this premise plays the game to perfection. He is a high physical embodiment of partisan ardour and Celtic bonhomie, and in the political arts he now ranks as an 'old master'. This session, in debate, he has proven himself a great rock in a weary land for the Liberals and more than once has all unaided turned defeat into partial victory. He and Sir Lomer Gouin will make a pair of vigilant scatristans and cicerones for the Premier amid the Imperialist mazes of London, and Mr. Macdonald probably thinks that an increment in his titular prestige would be a useful asset for this grand adventure. Mr. T. A. Low is also to be given the coveted accolade at the same time; if he has talents, he does not betray them by speech, for the House has not heard his voice half a dozen times this session. I also understand that if another distinguished Liberal had a less belligerent consort, he too would be invited to join the sacred circle at no distant date.

* * *

To his intimates the Premier at intervals confides his yearning desire to purge the Cabinet of its baser alloy and retain only the pure gold of a forward-looking Liberalism with which the Progressives could not refuse alliance. However, the project is now surrounded with almost insuperable difficulties. For one thing, his range of choice for Cabinet colleagues is sternly limited by political availability and electioneering temperatures. Again, where in the Liberal camp reside the bold spirits who will form his praetorian guard and oust from the palace of Liberalism the Gouins, the Mitchells, the Marlers *et hoc genus omne?* Furthermore, there is always the very serious danger that if Mr. King did challenge Sir Lomer and his cohorts, he would, when the new orientation took shape, find himself respectfully invited to accept a position of subordination to

some such chieftain as Mr. Macmaster or Mr. Drury who had established a prior lien upon the affections of the Progressives. Now Mr. King notoriously likes the pomp and circumstance of his high office and I imagine he will prefer to await events rather than force them.

* * *

Yet a Senate which killed so much legislation as our Nestors have done this session would seem to offer a heaven-sent target for a soul-stirring campaign by a Liberal leader anxious to revive the drooping fortunes of his party and himself. When such an opening presented itself in 1911 Mr. Lloyd George fastened upon it ravenously to the great profit of his party, but Mr. King is not of the same audacious mettle. A year ago when the Senate threw out a bill dealing with the strange case of the Hoppe leases and a conference between the two houses took place, Mr. King is said to have hinted darkly at the possibility of a nation-wide agitation against the Senate for its obscurantism and misfeasances. It was, he averred, a very loathsome prospect to him, but circumstances might compel him to assume direction of the assault. Thereupon up spoke a veteran Tory Senator to express his deep surprise that a young paladin of democracy was not panting even at the hart for waterbrooks for the opportunity to lead such a crusade.

* * *

Mr. Howard Ferguson's Ontario triumph awakened mixed emotions. The 'hard faced men', who are more concerned with battles than campaigns, are rejoiced. They see in the result not only defeat for forces they discerned as perilous for their blessed fetish of stability, but a rising tide of sentiment for old-fashioned Toryism; and they predict that what Ontario said on June 25th all Canada will say next election. But there are others, equally concerned for the future of Conservatism, whose exaltation is less noticeable. These are the younger Tories, the intelligenzia of the party, who would vitalize it with new innovations, and who fear that victory for Mr. Ferguson on such easy terms may lull Mr. Meighen into disastrous reliance upon an equally sterile policy. During the past session, at various intervals, the Opposition leader 'carried on', within seemly limits, with the Progressive forces. His masterful efficiency naturally won the sympathy of minds like Captain Shaw and Mr. Hoey; and the younger Conservatives, who, unafraid of progress and fearful of a Toryism that might easily develop into an Ontario die-hard *bloc*, watched the rapprochement with sympathy, have deep misgivings lest Mr. Ferguson's victory may blast their vision of a revival of Mr. Meighen on the plains. Mr. Meighen's strange message of congratulation to Mr. Ferguson would seem to foundation their fears.

* * *

Meanwhile Dr. Simon Tolmie, who succeeded Mr. Crerar as Minister of Agriculture in the Union Ministry, and who retained the post under Mr. Meighen, has been appointed as a sort of Chief of Staff of Conservative strategy. He will have national headquarters in Ottawa and, according to apparently inspired articles in the press, plans an active campaign of organization and propaganda during the coming year. It is, all things considered, a very good appointment. Dr. Tolmie may not be a political Foch, but he is far above the average politician in intelligence, with a mind by no means circumscribed by narrow limits of partizanship, and with the unusual distinction (for the present Parliament) of being able to discuss political issues with good humour, detachment, and dignity. His selection may not commend itself to those Tories who still regard Mr. Robert Rogers as the magician of elections, but it has the cordial approbation of all who desire the placing of political combat on a higher plane than in the past.

* * *

The debate on the Imperial Conference vindicated nothing quite so much as Robert Lowe's saying that we should educate our masters. Mr. Meighen contributed little more than pointless interrogations; the Prime Minister displayed his usual

mental fog; and the bulk of the discussion hinged around a subject—the enfranchisement of Hindus—which is not concerned with the Imperial Conference at all. Upon such challenging questions as the functioning of the Dominions' voice in foreign affairs, there was not a single gleam; nor a solitary reflection upon those other hardly less pressing and completely obvious difficulties which beset the Commonwealth's path. Nothing but those decayed platitudes and clichés, so dear to the young reporter, and which roll so sonorously from the Prime Minister's lips. One can but hope that Mr. King will devote himself between now and the date of the Conference in finding out its elementary purposes. Failing such a thing, the thought of his fate at the hands of Mr. Baldwin and Lord Curzon is a solemn reflection indeed.

* * *

The Progressives before they scattered to their reapers held a brief inquisition upon their performances and fortunes and, as introspection brought little comfort, took the resolution to hold a grander assize in the fall. Mr. Forke has obviously reached the end of his tether and most of his followers realize that garrulous amiability is not an adequate substitute for intellectual training and parliamentary skill. In certain Liberal circles the theory prevails that the Ontario result is really a godsend in disguise, for the spectacle of the revival of Toryism must inevitably force its antagonists, unless they are stricken with mad perversity, to sink their differences and combine their forces. In certain Progressive bosoms this theory finds ready acceptance especially when it is stimulated by kindly gifts of petty patronage, but the shrewder members of the party realize that Mr. King is now a dangerous object for anybody's affections and that if they desire to continue their political careers, they will have infinitely more roseeat prospects as opposition candidates than as defenders of a government. So I do not anticipate that many Progressives will follow in the wake of Messrs. Hammell and Binette into the Liberal fold. If the Progressives can, this autumn, wrest the control of their destinies from the highly conservative executive to whom Mr. Crerar bequeathed it, and if they can work out a scheme of organization which will secure them the co-operation of Capt. Shaw and Mr. Macmaster and the thousands of voters whose views this doughty pair represent, then the party can survive and do some service to the state. But if timorous counsels continue to prevail, and shoddy compromises are tolerated, then I foresee nothing but rapid disintegration ahead for the movement. However, the circumstances and spirit which brought it into existence will survive, and there may well emerge from the wreck a very vigorous imitation of the farm *blc* movement which is such a source of woe to the party managers at Washington.

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A Reaction

THE decisive defeat of the Drury government in Ontario was anticipated by no one. Even the Conservatives while professing to expect a victory did not claim that they would sweep the province as they have done. On the whole the late government had a good record and on their merits could claim a renewal of the confidence of the electors. They appear to have succumbed, however, to the combined hostility of a series of minorities which were skilfully arrayed against them by Mr. Ferguson.

The most important of these minorities in numbers and zeal was that which opposed prohibition. The position of the late Government on prohibition was unequivocal. They asked for the support of the 'Drys' and they had no wink for the 'Wets'. In many ridings, it is true, they had secured anti-temperance support when returned to power; this was not because they had asked for it, but simply because men who had supported the Conservative Party in 1914 against Mr. Rowell's 'abolish the bar' campaign were indignant at Sir William Hearst's surrender to the demands of the prohibitionists. When he introduced the Ontario Temperance Act and committed his party to a policy of prohibition they determined to sever their allegiance, with the result that they supported Farmer, Liberal, or Labour—anything to defeat Hearst. But Mr. Ferguson was wiser in his day and generation than Sir William. He was slow to commit himself on the question. While professing to support the Ontario Temperance Act towards the end of the campaign, and while able to secure a public certificate of character from Canon Cody at his Massey Hall meeting, he and his front benchers had the support of the Moderation League. Even the blandishments of Mr. Hartley Dewart were unequal to the task of shaking this allegiance and seducing the moderationists to the support of the Liberals. Their devotion to Mr. Ferguson was as strong as their hostility to Mr. Drury and Mr. Raney.

Then the friends of Sir Adam Beck with their powerful press were arrayed solidly against the Government. They could not command a majority of the voters in most ridings, as previous municipal contests had shown, but as a minority they were formidable enough. Sir Adam's own entry into the campaign, doubtful as it was in political ethics in view of his position, added weight to the Conservative appeal in the cities.

The Orange forces had also to be reckoned with. It mattered little that the Drury Government had done little to offend Orange sentiment. They had refused Separate Secondary Schools; they had sidestepped the question of separate school grants; they had failed either to salve or to heal at its source the running sore left by Regulation Seventeen. None the less Mr. Drury was suspect because he was known to

be a man of liberal views and Mr. Ferguson was one of the elect. The *Orange Sentinel* for the past four years had been using what influence it possessed to undermine the faith of Orange farmers in their leader. Here again was a minority, fortunately less bitter and less vocal than in some recent elections, but effective in its way against the Government.

We are not disposed to give much weight to the personal influence of Mr. Morrison in the contest. His lukewarm support of the Premier had little bearing on the result. The important factor was not his personal attitude but the marked decline in the number and influence of the co-operative and social clubs throughout the country districts of Ontario. In 1919 these clubs were active in every township and were the centre of the political activities of the Farmer candidates. Rural Ontario had then a political organization far surpassing anything ever achieved by the old political parties and more representative and effective than the ward associations and the lodges of the cities. The mismanagement of the business of the United Farmers Co-operative Company, and the failure of the central executive of United Farmers of Ontario to keep the clubs vigorous by education in economics and politics resulted in the weakening of these local units and the disbanding of many of them. Thus the appeal made by farmer candidates came to depend mainly upon the personal popularity of the candidate and the prestige of Mr. Drury. Had Mr. Morrison thrown himself wholeheartedly into the campaign, the result would not have been greatly different. The local clubs were the feeding-roots of the farmers' movement; when they atrophied the tree became sickly and its fruit—political activity—fell to the ground. The indifferent success of the Ontario Progressives in the federal elections bears witness to this decline, which has by no means been arrested in the eighteen months intervening between the federal and the provincial contests.

It used to be said that in Ontario politics the temperance vote could not be depended on. From the fate of Mr. Rowell, Sir William Hearst, and Mr. Drury it would appear that this scepticism was well founded. The vote in this election was small and the enthusiasm negligible. Evidently those who were opposed to prohibition turned out to vote, and their numbers were augmented by those prohibitionists who despaired of the enforcement of the Ontario Temperance Act or who were prepared to take a chance on Mr. Ferguson. In combination with one another, and with the Hydro and Orange minorities, they proved too much for a party whose vitality depended mainly on the eloquence and ability of one man.

Awakening Italy

Rejoice all ye
Who once were free,
And what ye were again shall be;
Freedom hasteth home
To ruined Rome,
And Venice rises from the sea.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Neither Communism nor Fascism has anything to do with liberty. . . . Fascism is not afraid to declare itself illiberal and anti-liberal. It has already passed, and if necessary will pass again, without the slightest hesitation, over the body, more or less decomposed, of the Goddess of Liberty.

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI.

OME weeks ago the seasonal re-migration of the elderly ladies and retired colonels, whose habit it now is to prolong their Italian winter sufficiently to escape income tax, filled the drawing-rooms of England with a hum of spring-time rhapsody over Signor Mussolini and his achievements. Such a purification of national life! such a spirit of self-denial! and, withal, such admirable firmness, such disciplined patriotism!—in fact, an altogether agreeable change (except for the slightly increased prices) from the rather disturbing Italy of two years ago, in which so many of the inhabitants (seduced, no doubt, by Russian gold) seemed to have quite forgotten their primary duty of appearing picturesquely contented.

But if one may laugh with impunity at the old ladies and the colonels, with their prayers for a similar transformation in England, it is perhaps a little dangerous to laugh at Signor Mussolini; for in the world of to-day Signor Mussolini and his kind represent a very distinct force. We are no longer living in an age dominated by the idea of reason, the age that inspired Landor and, still more, his Victorian successors: we are living in an age obsessed by theories of instinct, of mind energy, of repressions and compensations, and all the obscure, complicated paraphernalia of the new psychology. What is more, these modern teachings extract from most of us an unwilling admission that Signor Mussolini probably has accomplished, temporarily at least, many of the things that are credited to him; for there is no use trying any longer to shut our eyes to the fact that collective violence often does liberate, especially in its early stages, good as well as evil forces—the good sometimes more than the evil. Does this mean that we have discovered another incorrigible weakness of human nature? Perhaps—but that is really no reason why the mere knowledge, disconcerting though it is, should not some day be turned to the benefit of mankind. Meanwhile a troubled, post-war world seems inclined to see little in it but a justification of force, an inspiration to revolution. And though Western Europe may

choose to restrict this new sanction to a particular type of revolution, that means nothing more than that Signor Mussolini as a propagandist of the revolutionary method has stolen a march on M. Lenin.

It would be a mistake to suppose, however, that science has deprived the modern world of all arguments against these diverse disciples of force. In fact the best argument of all remains. Science has not yet explained away the reaction that seems by some inexorable law to shadow every form of violence. The first rush of triumphant energy with its splendid exaltations is, as ever, doomed to fade. The retractions and disillusionments of the Directory, though not, one hopes, its cynical corruption and its depraved instruments, are said to be repeating themselves to-day in the Russia of the New Economic Policy; and, even in Italy, the fresh enthusiasm that to some extent held together the divergent factions already shows signs of dissolving. The landowners and employers, who were willing enough to support a crusade against socialism, are reported to be growing restive under the demands of Fascist syndicalism; for, contrary to the belief of some of its foreign adherents and most of its foreign opponents, Fascism does not consist simply in blind opposition to labour: its complicated edifice, even in offering a fine apartment to disciplined capital, still preserves something more than a niche for submissive labour. Unfortunately for Signor Mussolini, however, the old trade unions seem just as unwilling as the employers to merge themselves in the new cosmogony. Still more serious is the general feeling of restlessness that is said to be spreading outside the industrial field. Castor oil as a moral purge seems to be losing its effectiveness, particularly as the realization grows that the administering authority is not the government but a political faction. Freedom of speech within the party is also proving a difficulty, and Signor Mussolini is at present engaged in an attempt to impose on his own followers the obedient silence that he enforced so easily on the Italian parliament.

When or how the end will come, it is, of course, impossible to prophesy. His opponents claim that Signor Mussolini has never had the support of a majority of the Italian people, and certainly his aversion to elections, no less than his plans for 'reforming' the franchise, lend support to this contention. In any case he runs an immediate risk of being put decisively in a minority by the defection of the catholic party, whose leader, a young Sicilian priest, has threatened several times lately to resume his freedom of action. All this, however, is beside the point. Mussolini seized power by force, and, whether he has to or not, retains it by force; his utterances and those of his followers suggest that he will not abandon it except by force. There may, of course, be some truth in the talk of an alliance with the

Liberals and a voluntary return to constitutional methods; but there is probably more significance in the report that no less a person than Signor d'Annunzio intends to come forward in the rôle of constitutional liberator.

Meanwhile the more extreme members of the British Labour Party have been violently criticizing the Royal visit to Italy and particularly the bestowal of the G.C.B. upon the arch enemy of labour. Why, they ask, is a revolutionary government in Italy not only recognized but approved, while a revolutionary government in Russia is harassed in every possible way short of open warfare? The question does not mean, of course, that the Labour Party as a whole advocates the perpetration on Italy of a policy of foreign intervention. The labour leaders, and most of their followers for the matter of that, know perfectly well that the first effect of such a policy would be to strengthen Signor Mussolini immensely in his own country; the second, to change his unexpectedly pacific foreign policy into a policy of madness. No doubt there is reason for criticizing the more effusive marks of approval that have been lavished upon him; but most Englishmen will feel that the price is a paltry one if it means securing the co-operation in European affairs of even this Italian government.

E. H. BLAKE.

Dominion Taxation

I. The Sales Tax

UP to the war, the customs and excise revenues constituted the chief resource of the Dominion Government for general purposes. Postal and railway receipts were mainly absorbed by the cost of administering these services. In fact, customs and excise, together with the revenue from Chinese head tax, were the only revenues classified by the Department of Finance as taxes. In those happy days, we might still describe our government as being cheap. In 1913 the ordinary expenditures of the Dominion Government were \$14.89 for each inhabitant: those of the provincial governments averaged \$7.08, while both together (eliminating duplication) amounted to \$20.22; but in 1920, the latest year for which full comparative figures are available, the ordinary expenditures of the Dominion Government had risen to \$35.20, those of the provinces to \$10.24, and both together to \$44.11 per capita.

Nor is this surprising when we remember that we are administering half a continent; that with little more than the population of Greater London, we are maintaining ten legislatures, with more than 750 legislators (to say nothing of the Senate), as well as all the administrative machinery connected

with them; that we now rejoice in a net debt of two billions and a half, or about \$1,300 per family, largely due to war, and pay about 135 millions annually in interest on this debt; and that we own various railways which may still be regarded as in the category of infant industries.

To meet the increased expenditure which has followed the war, the Dominion Government has profited slightly by increases in the yield of customs and excise duties; but it has chiefly relied on the group of new taxes classified as war taxes, which now together yield more than customs and excise duties combined. In 1921-22 the total Dominion revenue from taxation was about 320 millions, approximately \$36.40 for each inhabitant. Of this sum \$12.20 came from customs duties, \$4.18 from excise, \$8.95 from income tax, \$7.00 from sales tax, \$2.59 from arrears of tax on business profits.

Among the least understood of the war taxes is the sales tax, which, despite objections to be considered later, has much to recommend it. In the first place, it required the construction of no extensive and elaborate new machinery to collect it. Every manufacturer, wholesaler, or jobber subject to tax took out a license and became a deputy tax collector from his own customers. The existing force of officials connected with the customs and excise service was found sufficient to handle the monthly returns from the sales tax, although it had to be reinforced by some three dozen inspectors and auditors. The tax quickly became a very lucrative one. The latest amendments increased it to $2\frac{1}{4}\%$ on sales by manufacturers and producers to wholesalers or jobbers, $2\frac{1}{4}\%$ on sales by wholesalers or jobbers, $4\frac{1}{2}\%$ on sales by manufacturers or producers direct to retailers or consumers, $3\frac{3}{4}\%$ on imported goods (but where goods are imported by retailers or consumers the tax is 6%). The sales tax yielded nearly 62 millions in 1921-22, and it is expected to yield about 90 millions in the fiscal year 1922-23. It is immune from the attacks of the free trader, dependable, elastic. Moreover, in spite of a few complaints, there is no suspicion of any widespread evasion. Most of the manufacturers and merchants who collect the tax are eminently respectable people whose honesty can be relied on with the more certainty because of the force of public opinion which would be roused in a case of discovered evasion. Prosecutions of delinquents are said to be comparatively rare.

Notwithstanding all these admitted advantages from the collector's point of view, it is possible that the whole principle of the sales tax may be successfully attacked. In a page of the *Wealth of Nations* which is familiar to all students of taxation, Adam Smith laid down four canons of taxation, which, though now inadequate, have not lost their validity. He held that a tax should be levied at the time and in the way likely to be most convenient to the tax-

payer; that it should not take or keep out of the taxpayer's pocket more than the amount necessary for the state; that the amount payable by each person should be definite and known; and that every person should contribute according to his ability—that is to say, in proportion to the revenue which he enjoys under the protection of the state. There is not much objection to the sales tax under the first three heads, although no individual knows exactly how much of his income will be taken through the sales tax; but the tax may be criticized most successfully on the grounds suggested by the last canon, which has inspired a whole literature of taxation. We need not here concern ourselves with the ancient controversy as to whether taxes should be in proportion to ability to pay or in proportion to benefit received from the state. The 'benefit theory' could not be applied to taxation for the support of schools, asylums, etc., and it is doubtful whether the exact amount of benefit received by anybody from the services of the state could be assessed. The principle that each person should pay taxes according to his ability is more in conformity with the idea of justice now generally held. What shall we say of the sales tax when tried by this test?

But before attempting to answer this question, we must make sure of what we mean by a tax in accordance with ability to pay. How is this ability to be measured or compared? John Stuart Mill and others have held that ability should be regarded as proportional to income (with appropriate consideration for dependents who have to be supported, etc.), but in most civilized countries the view is now held that ability to pay increases faster than income. If the man with \$5,000 a year pays 4% in taxes, the man with \$50,000 can pay rather more than 4% without any greater sacrifice. This principle, exemplified in progressive rates of income and inheritance taxes in most modern states, is so generally accepted that it seems hardly necessary to discuss the application of the principle of diminishing utility on which it rests, and we may perhaps proceed on the assumption that, to conform with popular conceptions of justice, a system of taxation should be so contrived that persons with larger incomes should contribute larger percentages in taxation than those with smaller incomes. If we accept this view, we have taken relative sacrifice as a test of ability to pay.

Defenders of the sales tax, or similarly contrived taxes, often say that it is fair because it falls in proportion to expenditure: and the man who can afford to spend the most, is required to pay the most in taxes. They would further point to the exemption of food and fuel from the tax as a concession to people with very small incomes who spend most of their earnings on the bare necessities of life. But the more we examine the sales tax, the more doubtful it seems whether the tax is in proportion to ability, or even to expenditure.

Suppose we divide expenditure into two categories: that which is undertaken for personal consumption and that which represents investment in reproductive undertakings (for, of course, investing and buying for consumption are equally forms of spending). Let us consider first that part of the sales tax which falls upon goods intended to be consumed by their purchasers. It is popularly supposed that such taxes fall upon the ultimate consumer, and the economist also would regard this as generally true. For, if the sellers absorb the tax, their profits will be reduced; their business will no longer pay quite so well as it did before; and some of the weaker firms which were formerly just able to struggle along, will be forced out of business. Even if this does not occur, new capital will be more likely to enter businesses where the returns are not lessened by this particular burden, or perhaps to seek other countries. Thus, even if manufacturers generally were to absorb the sales tax, we might expect the result to be a lessening of the sources of supply and an ultimate increase in price. If manufacturers do not try to absorb the tax, the increase in price would probably occur sooner. A monopolist who had already fixed his prices at the level which would yield the maximum profit, would find it expedient to pay the sales tax himself, because any increase of his prices would probably diminish the volume of sales and profits. Under competitive conditions, however, it seems probable that a large proportion, if not the whole, of the sales tax would usually be borne by the consumer.

This view is confirmed by another consideration. A sales tax of 6%, in addition to the duty, is levied on goods imported by retailers or consumers. Evidently the framers of the tax supposed that the increase in the cost of goods made in Canada due to pyramiding of the tax would be at least 6%. If it is in fact less than six per cent., then the sales tax on imported goods will act as additional protection. In either case, we have here some reason for expecting an increase of at least 6% in the prices of consumers' goods as a result of the sales tax. The cost of living is involved.

So much for the effect of the sales tax on prices of goods intended for consumption. Let us now consider the incidence of the tax as it affects machinery and goods intended to be used for production. Will investors generously consent to pay these taxes themselves, hoping for no return, or will they make expenditures for productive purposes only if they expect to obtain the usual profits, not only on the bare cost of equipment, but also on the sales tax which they have paid? The latter supposition is more probable. They will expect to shift their portion of the sales tax to the consumer of the goods which they manufacture. If they are successful, all is well, if not, then the return on investments here

will tend to be less than in countries which have no sales tax: the volume of production here will tend to diminish slightly, and there will ultimately be a rise in prices sufficient to shift the sales tax to consumers. The reader will notice that the phrase 'other things being equal', so necessary in all economic demonstrations, has been omitted a number of times for the sake of brevity, and the whole subject has been treated with less fullness than is found in such works as those of Professor Seligman.

The general conclusion from the preceding paragraphs may be summarized in a few sentences. The sales tax will tend to be shifted to consumers. It will fall upon the taxpayers, therefore, not in proportion to their income, but in proportion to their expenditure on goods for consumption. They will largely avoid the payment of sales tax on that portion of their income devoted to investment. Persons with small incomes, who are obliged to spend most of their earnings on the necessities of life, will pay sales tax on nearly all their income, except so far as they are protected by the exemption of foods and fuel from the tax. Those persons on the other hand who enjoy larger incomes out of which they spend only half on consumption and invest the other half, will be paying sales tax on a little less than one half of their income: for they will probably be successful in shifting the tax in so far as it affects their investments. The larger the income, the larger the *amount* paid in sales tax—but the larger the income, the smaller the *percentage* of that income paid in sales tax.

H. R. KEMP.

The U.F.A. in Politics

WHETHER the political aspect of the Farmers' Movement in Canada is merely a phase of post-war adjustment, waits for the future to determine. In Alberta, the farmers' entry into politics reduced the Conservative representation, never numerous, to one lone member, and dethroned the Liberal Party from their hitherto unchallenged position. The latter party, as a matter of fact, in a sense represented the farmers, for the majority of its members, including the premier, were engaged in agriculture. This argument, however, did not save them when post-war depression, marching westward, reached Alberta two years after the close of the war. With its arrival the organized farmers, instead of bowing to the deferred but inevitable drop in farm prices with the continued high cost of production, burst into an equally inevitable storm of criticism against the Liberal rule; and, believing that a new government drawn from the ranks of the well-organized U.F.A. would be a panacea, they abandoned their non-political plank and elected a chosen band to save the province.

Contrary to general belief, Mr. Wood and his colleagues in leadership were, it is said, opposed to this plan; but in all democracies the workhorses must be allowed, occasionally, to take the bit in their teeth. The U.F.A. went into politics.

This spelled the downfall of the Liberals. In part they were probably mere victims of circumstance, but it must be admitted that a long and undisputed tenure of office had done much to change their organization into a typical party-machine. Whatever their defects or virtues, they had no chance against the allied forces of economic depression and the U.F.A. The latter swept the country amid the plaudits of the rural communities. Many electors believed, apparently, that Utopia was just over the horizon, or, to quote Mr. Wood's time-worn formula, that a new era was about to dawn. In some cases even, so we have heard, debtors confidently assured their creditors that all debts would be remitted—a hope that is pathetically reminiscent of the agrarian disputes of ancient Rome. In general, expectations were high.

This very fact, of course, contributed to the handicap under which the Farmers, in January, 1922, opened their first session. The very economic depression responsible for their rise to power proved a serious liability. They had to govern on a falling market. In addition they found themselves faced by a heritage of debt and expensive paternalistic legislation from the ousted Liberals, while their own inexperience accentuated their helplessness. Their problem from the beginning has been primarily one of economics rather than of moral or social improvement. Two courses of action seem to have been open to them: either to make a drastic cut in expenditures by curtailing the provincial services and eliminating much paternalistic legislation, such as the Seed-Grain Relief Act and the Cow Bill, or to wait, like Mr. Micawber, for a favourable crop to 'turn up'—for, in a pioneer province like Alberta, prosperity is directly and closely affected by each annual crop. As we have said, the Farmers were inexperienced. Furthermore, to cut legislation which presumably helped agriculture, or to curtail provincial services built up by the Liberals during boom years in expectation of a rapid increase of population, seemed costly economy. The legislature put its trust in Jupiter Pluvius and did nothing.

But fortune played them false. Post-war adjustment is a slow process and is likely to march in the West one or two years behind the East. In addition, last year's crops were not universally good, and high transportation, the great and justifiable grievance of the western pioneer, combined with low prices to impair seriously the farmer's profits. This January the second session met under a cloud, for the Government, far from decreasing the liabilities of the Liberal administration, found that they were almost two millions in arrears on the year's operations.

It is only fair to say that this deficit was largely due to the failure of the revenue to reach its estimated amount, and to the expenditure rendered necessary by the obligations of the previous government.

Deficits, however, are facts which must be faced. Throughout the session the Government has been hampered in every move by the omnipresent necessity of trying to find more taxable properties in a province already overtaxed, or to curtail services to which the people of the province have become accustomed. As a result things have moved slowly. It has been the longest session—fourteen weeks—on record. In very few cases has the Government been able to lay a definite policy before the House, with the inevitable consequence of long and tedious debates on minor and major points or ill-considered consent to half-baked measures. It has impressed observers as having been in many cases entirely at sea—although with the best intentions in the world.

The recent C.P.R. fiasco is a good illustration of their lack of coherence. In this the Premier was forced by the C.P.R. representatives to repudiate a report brought in by his Minister of Railways. This document, prepared by the Deputy Minister, a former C.P.R. employee, had accused the C.P.R., apparently in an unconsidered and hasty manner, of failure to fulfil its contract with the former Liberal Government to operate the provincial Edmonton, Dunvegan, and British Columbia railroad. An investigation has been promised, but in spite of the repudiation the Premier and his minister still sit amicably on the same cabinet.

The attorney-general, Mr. Brownlee, formerly solicitor to the U.F.A., alone has shown at all times a grasp of the situation before him and an ability to formulate the ideas and policies of the Government. It is an interesting paradox that the Farmers have been saved by a non-farmer minister.

In spite of his efforts, however, little was done until the last three weeks of the session. With the approach of spring seeding, the House for the first time showed signs of activity. The budget, after many delays, was finally brought in. It is an amazing document in that it frankly admits an estimated deficit for next year of over a million dollars. It has, however, the merit of being frank, and it promises a number of cuts in expenditure. Among other things, the Government has recognized that too much paternalistic legislation is bad for the recipient, and is impossible when business and not sentiment must be considered. The Cow Bill has been discontinued. No more Seed-Relief is to be given. The Drought Area Relief Act has been repealed, and a new Debt Adjustment Act, applicable to the whole province and providing in cases of necessity for an adjustment between creditor and debtor by the Crown, has been substituted. The experience of the province with paternalistic legislation appears to be discrediting some socialistic panaceas.

Closely linked with the discussion of provincial economics has been the attitude of the House toward the liquor question. Prohibition has been with us in this province since 1915. It was passed at a plebiscite under the Direct Legislation Act. This measure provides that any petition presented in due order must be submitted to a referendum—an axe which may cut both ways. This year the hotel men petitioned for the sale of beer in licensed premises, and their petition was declared in order.

Referenda cost money, and petitions for changes in the present liquor law might easily become a habit. Prohibition sentiment, however, is something that every government must handle tenderly. To avoid both horns of the dilemma, the Government first disclaimed all responsibility for the proposal and then suggested that other forms of liquor administration might be submitted at the same time as the Hotelmen's Petition. The House agreed, and a non-partisan committee was appointed to draft a ballot. The proposal that The Direct Legislation Act be amended to allow of four questions being put on the same ballot under the preferential vote system was adopted. On November 5, when the crop has been gathered, the electors will choose between prohibition, licensed sale of beer, government control of beer, and government control of all liquors. The result should be instructive.

There are some who feel that the prohibitionists have gone too far and too fast. Far more significant, however, is a fairly common attitude that prohibition for a province in Alberta's financial position is too expensive a luxury and must be scrapped in favour of government control. An interesting side-light is the possibility that government control, if passed, will help the Farmers out of their financial difficulties. 'Drink up the deficit' may become a provincial slogan.

Thus the Farmers Party has had a stormy session. There are rumours that the party caucuses—in themselves a violation of a U.F.A. principle—have not always been harmonious. Reports from city and country seem to suggest that the province is by no means entirely satisfied with the present administration. As in the case of the Liberal Government, this is perhaps inevitable. Until prosperity returns no government can be sure of a stable tenure. But where are the electors to turn? The old line parties, both Conservative and Liberal, do not appear to an onlooker to have learned that the political hokum of the past is nearly played out. Their leaders insist on the same catchwords and the same reactionary policies. If the Farmers Movement does nothing else, it has at least broken the hold of the old political machines. Among the Liberal members, however, as among the Farmers, there have been indications that some of the rank and file are dissatisfied and would rally around a new leadership that promised a sane business policy. There is still

another factor in the House. On the cross benches sit five Independents. These have at times acted as a unit and have had a noticeable influence on the atmosphere and policies of the Legislature. At times there seems to have been a tendency for independent thinkers, both among Liberals and Farmers, to ally themselves with them. A mere observer may well wonder if Alberta possesses in this independent group a new party in the embryo.

THOMPSON-HARDY.

Correspondence

THE CANADIAN FORUM had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on editorials or articles appearing in the magazine or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Conciseness, point, and good nature must be asked of correspondents, who should confine themselves to 800 words. The Editors are not responsible for matter printed in this column.

The Saving of Religion

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

This letter is by way of amplification of a note in the May issue of THE CANADIAN FORUM to the effect that a belief only in an impersonal spirit in things—which appears to be all that Mr. Davidson Ketchum means by 'God'—is not of itself sufficient for the maintenance of a religious life. My thesis is that it is necessary to retain in our thinking about the Ultimate Reality those properties with which we are acquainted in ourselves—Intelligence, Will, Design, Forethought, and so forth. For what, after all, is Religion? Jonathan Edwards defined it as consisting 'in great part in holy affections', and though we might find, or make, other definitions of greater length, that takes us to the heart of the matter and is quite sufficient for our purpose here. Religion, in theory at least, is a communion between the individual soul and the Supreme Being, a communion in which the human will and affections are submerged and embraced in the Divine. But what place is left for the affections if we substitute for a personal God a vague, indeterminate, impersonal abstraction called 'The Spirit of all Life'? Even if we identify that Spirit with the best within ourselves we are no better off so long as we leave it, so to speak, hanging in the air. As James Martineau pointed out long ago, you cannot pray to the First Cause; or say 'O Stream of tendency that makes for righteousness, be merciful to me a sinner'. Nor is the case any different if we replace First Cause by Life-Force, or make other request than that for the forgiveness of sin—which few, indeed, are concerned to make to-day. So long as we think of God as a 'Stream of tendency', or a 'Background', or an 'all-pervasive impersonal Spirit', Religion, in this aspect of it at least, can have no value at all. There may be some highly speculative types of mind that can survive—even thrive—on such abstractions, but the ordinary person is left cold.

But it is not only Religion itself (as thus defined) that appears to be in danger from this impersonal way of thinking of God; the *moral uses* of Religion are also rendered insecure. Let us say that these moral uses are the quickening of the conscience, the strengthening of the will, the elevation of the aspirations, the rousing of all our generous tendencies: how is this to be effected if all we have to reflect upon, to look to, is what we can find in 'the great processes of nature'? If we are going to think

of God in terms of energy, are we not likely to be surer of His power than of His holiness? Of His ruthlessness than of His goodness? For do the 'great processes of nature' really manifest Him in that moral character? Do we learn in that way that He is good? Can there be such a thing as impersonal goodness? And can an impersonal Spirit make any claim upon us, urge us to any task, that we must recognize as coming with a Divine imperative, and disobedience to which will leave within our hearts a conviction of sin? Is not a Divine imperative impossible except from a self-conscious, self-determining Being? We must, of course, go carefully here because of the limitations of our knowledge, but can we really do with less than Personality as at least the symbol of what we need to find in God? Must He not be as personal as ourselves? Certainly the moral law needs to find its ground in a supreme moral Being; for it is difficult to see how morality can have any adequate sanction save in the belief in an actual Absolute Righteousness from which it derives.

And this brings us to the crux of the whole matter. For what we are really concerned about is not the Saving of Religion in its broadest sense, but the saving of Religion in its Christian sense; and in Christianity we have a belief not only in a personal God, but in a tri-une personality in God, and historic Christianity, at least, must retain that belief or go to pieces. There is no need here to tell the story of the development of this doctrine; it is enough to point out that, properly understood, it creates no greater philosophical problem than the one already considered; indeed, philosophy has, in this particular, been the handmaid of faith. Christian experience created the problem, and philosophy discovered the way out. To be sure, we need to understand correctly what that way out is. Dr. Rashdall (Dean of Carlisle), one of the greatest Christian philosophers of our time, has recently accused certain Anglican theologians of tri-theism, and tri-theism is no doubt an error into which the majority of Christian people fall. But the true Catholic doctrine is not tri-theistic; there is One Divine Mind, and the theology of the Incarnation and the Paraklesis, involving the eternal *personae* of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, is first of all an interpretation of the activity of that One Mind in the realm of human experience.

Now this New Theology, admitting, apparently, the facts of religious experience, throws over the Catholic interpretation and denies the truth of tri-une personality in God. But the question of supreme importance is, What does it do with Jesus? It was reflection on His life and character that gave rise to the Trinitarian doctrine: how is He *now* explained? The New Theology would explain Him, if I mistake not, biologically. He is purely a product of evolutionary forces; a manifestation—the supreme manifestation, to be sure—of the tendency of the Spirit that is in all life. But He is not the Son of God in the only sense that could originally inspire and to-day justify the continuance of devotions in His Name, to say nothing of the Cult of Sacramental Communion. He is not, in a word, the Christ of the Church, and never can be, and any attempt to win the Church to belief in Him is doomed to failure. A religion that centres round such a Jesus as this new philosophy would give us is an entirely novel religion, and an endeavour to put the new wine of it into the old bottles would mean certain disaster to both. Not this way will the Church be saved. That can only be brought about by setting the Church free, on the one hand, from what is un-Christian in its inherited Judaism, and, on the other, from what is superstitious in its adopted Paganism; by releasing it from the authority of out-grown formulas, and infusing it afresh with the free and adventurous spirit of its Founder. To some of us, this is a task worth trying; and we can throw ourselves into it with all the greater zeal and confidence because of our conviction that at its heart the Church is right.

Yours, etc.,

F. J. MOORE.

St. James' Cathedral,
Toronto.

The Saving Symbol

IN a world satiated with science we grow weary of diacotomy. The demands of intellectual analysis embarrass us with a mass of detail, and in the few moments of reflection, which we reluctantly steal from the unessentials, we look hurriedly to rediscover the integral nature of truth. In these hasty moments we tend to solve everything by union, as in our scientific processes we found freedom in disintegration. But union may only conceal fundamental differences which reopen when intellectual honesty tears away the pragmatic mask. Driven to what seems the more solid ground of practice we form alliances unjustifiable to reason, but made plausible by some formula or symbol. From this formula or symbol as an intellectual *pointe d'appui* we advance sometimes too confidently. It is of the symbol I wish to speak.

The primary meaning of 'symbol' according to Murray (1919) is the Christian creed, and this identification of symbol with ordered intellectual content is essential to its meaning, whether this be Christian dogma or not. Our whole sciolistic system is based upon definition (allotment of verbal symbols), and upon association of ideas made valid only by its recognition by our mind. The more rapidly we can conjure up our basic conclusions the more easily can we use our beliefs, and consequently in fundamentals we usually substitute for definition and syllogism an all-embracing symbol. For most people this symbol is visual, and becomes effective through contemplation; but even for immediate meditation an equally sensuous, if less material, preparation is necessary. The symbol primarily provokes the idea which we hold; its character suggests its validity (patriotic, religious, mathematical); its intimacy or beauty arouses an emotion; and from these we will to act upon it. Hence the symbolical method has become the most rapid and the most common for transferring the search for truthful guidance into a volitional act. The immediacy and the definitiveness of the symbol give it strength, and even for the Church the most potent symbol has not been the credal form but the cross. This most powerful and provocative of western symbols rests upon an intellectual basis—for most of its users a series of Hellenistic definitions, the creed.

But to maintain the definitiveness of a symbol's meaning there must be an authority. The church, the state, the order are the custodians of the symbol, the priests of the idol; and church, state, and brotherhood speak most compellingly through the lips of the idol. Liturgy, parade, ritual are organized and conscious symbolism having their only validity in their respective intellectual content as defined by authority. The attachment of the symbol to its authority is as vital as the definition to our syllogism. The symbol

having no meaning apart from its rational content must be preserved from irrational associations, and above all the irrational imp of humour must be kept away from the altar. Hence sanctity has grown up as a necessary guardian of the symbol. As profanity increased since the middle ages, sanctity took on new and frailer pretensions until now it threatens to fall apart and leave naked the most sacred things. Growing sophistication and honesty would return, and in places is returning to an intelligent and healthy idea of sacredness inconceivable to sentimental pietists. Nevertheless, our generation of slang and of jazz is carrying the symbolic profanity (essential to these aberrations) into older sanctuaries. The historic symbols of our race are in eclipse, for their intellectual basis and their provoked emotion no longer exist for many of us. With the peculiarly irrational bases of modern industrial and political society, and the self-centred emotions of much modern art, symbols lose their potency (but of course not thereby their validity). The unique chaos that is modern, imagines and intends to do without the symbols that resolved the chaos of the first barbarian invasions, and it is only our generation with unexcelled losses by violence and discord that is seeking new symbols not of union but of Unity.

In finding, however, new religious symbols or in re-establishing the old, we must remember two things. Symbols must be readily appreciable and not too vague—they are most effective when sensuous and exclusive. Men do not fight immediately for ideas but under symbolic stimulus, making worlds safe for democracy is not military speech, it is the jargon of voters and lecturers. The symbol rests on an intellectual basis, but its unction of personality gives it immediate power. And further, the symbol must not be comprehensive to the point of ambiguity, if it is to provoke any but ambiguous action. Comprehensive liberalism is the reaction to intellectual activity; our pious 'pinks' attempt nonsense in quartering the mallet and sickle with the cross and crown. Life exists not in the great expansive heat of the interior but on the cold and narrow crust of earth.

If symbolism is, then, as I contend, the sensuous expression of an idea, it is most vivid in art. But in art the sensuous creation needs no further definition, the painting is complete in itself without any description or formula. The artistic creation comprehends both the intellectual concept and its sensuous representation; it is of the nature of art that it is inevitable and no other expression of the idea would be sufficient. Self-expression works only through symbols whether they be words or art. Since, then, art is intellectually valid in itself, its *prima facie* individualism will betray intellectual order. Every art has its own technique usually originally imposed on the artist by the external authority of teacher.

But there is also a deeper authoritative and conventional symbolism which in its very limiting aids freedom. The richest individual contributions to the nuance of words find freedom in a pure style. The excellence of the maker of a Buddha is richly appreciated because Buddha being perfect is represented uniformly (since perfection in one category is uniform). These are trivial examples of the ability of authoritative symbolism to serve freedom. A higher symbolism entirely distinguishes one creation from another. However the physicist and the psychologist may analyse the factors, the difference between a Bach fugue and a Ravel symphony is realized only by a natural, if not inherent, higher symbolism. There is no reasonable comparison save in the sensuous category of sound and its reactions. Music, the youngest of the arts, even more rapidly than language, is creating new liturgies as we listen.

Further, reverting to my first thesis that the essence of symbol is its intellectual content, I would suggest that in the arts the most powerful, because deepest, results are those of the most intellectually-impregnated productions: Bach and Palestrina, Leonardo and S. Chartres, Dante and Shakespeare—but one must judge or illustrate this from his own experience. In art as in religion the efficacy of the symbol is in its power to create an idea, and if the symbols are the words of a belief or a syllogism, the form of an ordered emblem, the sensuous suggestion of art, the difference is formal not essential.

With these conceptions of symbol I would go further and claim that in social activity of an ordered kind there are real dangers in neglecting symbol. In contemporary movements with our flapper-like disdain of symbols, we take refuge in formulae which have little meaning in themselves and which necessarily lack the catholicity of symbol. We try to find communion, not in the motive idea, but in the actual working together for a common political end, as if voting together, fighting together, lecturing together had any peculiar mystical effect. So come about dishonest unions and great propagandist policies which sweep away the practical unthinking folk and prevent the freedom of the spirit. To give these vulgar policies sanction we erect a monistic pseudo-philosophy around them—eugenics or prohibition, democracy or feminism, sex or sanitation. These political and usually very fleshly purposes are brought into effect by an incoherent will acting from a debilitating monism. Our congenital optimists produce new shibboleths for us regularly. Apocalypse and Armageddon tediously follow each other, and now intellectual Babbittia is dancing to the saxaphone of cataclysm tooted by Professor Harvey Robinson. One cannot think universally in terms of analysis, the part cannot comprehend the whole, surely the only catholicity is by symbol.

Nevertheless there remain the obvious dangers of

symbolism. The greatest of these probably is in confusing the symbol and its meaning. If the substitution of formulae for symbol gives us puritanism, the identification of symbol with its object gives us eventually paganism via romanticism. If the sensuous expression is omitted we deprive ourselves of one half of life; if we worship the material sense, or nature, we cut off the other half. The law of our being necessitates the intimacy of sense and reason, and this is the final authority of all symbolism. Of course there are meteoric individuals flying off into darkness, creating much heat and a little noise, attracting the notice of idle men, but they at death are gathered again into the order by its law. There is only one true orbit for each planet in the order of the sun; there is no other salvation. In its higher meaning the symbol is the nearest we can approach to truth, our belief, our creed. In its lower meaning it is discipline, the path of the disciple, and apostles are only by discipleship.

HARTLEY MUNRO THOMAS.

Poems

by H. K. Gordon

At Nightfall

We paddled out at sunset—
She softly, kindly gay
And I, all hope before me,
With but one thing to pray.

Slowly the shores went by us,
But still, with heart filled high,
Her smile I watched in silence,
Waiting, I knew not why.

The west's dun conflagration
At the channel-end burned low;
Like blood, the sullen water
Returned its dying glow.

In front the reef-points whispered
And foamed like troubled yeast;
The black pines, gaunt and twisted,
Cowered toward the east.

While earth so darkly waited
I, with one thing to say,
Could find no strength to speak it.—
Next morn she was away.

As Yesteryear

'Is the wind from the Open blowing
Over the reefs to-day
Till the falling breakers trample
In thunder along the Bay?

'And still do the rocks lie naked,
Scoured and clean and dry?
And the white-winged gulls turn screaming
Under the shining sky?'

Surely, the Open's shouting
And the breakers spirt like snow,
And still the gulls are screaming
Though you're not here to know.

'And do the writhen pine-trees
Still crouch as though in fear?
Do men note those most twisted
For guides when night is near?'

Yes, still the pines grow gauntly;
They huddle away from the west,
And men still paddle by them
Though you are laid to rest.

'And back in the island channels,
Shadowed and still and deep,
Does the white-throat whistle clearly
And the cardinal-flower sleep?'

Yes, boy, they do right sweetly;
Though you can't see or hear,
The Bay still works its wonders
As it did yesteryear.

Philosophers

'Drat', says the farmer.
'Drat, says I;
Drat these aeroplanes
Buzzin' by.'

'The pigs is in fever,
The cow's run amuk,
The sow's gone and stuck herself
Under the truck.'

'Drat', says the farm-wife,
'He's scairt my chicks.
God never builded us
To fly over ricks.'

The Meadow-Lark

Yours is not the sweetness,
Passion, nor the art,
Yours is not the fleetness
Born within the heart
To fling you throbbing, singing, over grief and smart.

No ethereal madness
Spurs your wing to flight,
With sky-thrilling gladness
At the end of night
You wake in human singers no wonder and delight.

For where the settlers' fires
Left the work half done—
Blackened stumps and briars
Naked to the sun—
Where red cattle loiter and the rabbits run,

Bob-tailed, awkward-winging,
You your nest have made;
With no power for singing
High o'er man and maid,
Your one care is hiding where your eggs are laid.

Yet when skies are tender
For the spring that's near,
And the first, frail, slender
Leaves and grass appear
I stand and gaze and wonder your lonely call to hear.

Six Tales of Ti-Jean

I. The Man Who Danced With The Northern Lights¹

OLE man Bourgard, he tole me plenty good story w'en I was out on de Nor'-Wes', dat's at Edmonton on de Saskatch", said Baptiste to the little boy from the city one chilly evening late in August. 'He was levee dere long tam, mus' be nearly hondre' year, I t'ink. He travel I don't know how many tam from Hodson Bay to At'abasca Reever, way up on de mountain, right away to Ti-Jean Cache.¹ Dat's de place w'ere he meet on dat feller Miette.

'Did I tole about heem, dat's Miette, an' de tam he dance wit' de Nordern Light? I can't forget about dat; you sit still an' listen.

'Nice feller, Miette, not easy fin' de nicer. He

¹This story, which tells the adventures of Miette, does not properly belong to the Ti-Jean sequence. It appears in this place because of the interest which attaches to the suggestion here made that the Tête Jaune Cache (as it is spelt on the maps) took its name originally from the folk-tale hero Ti-Jean (as the name of the Cache is pronounced in the mountains), and because this tale forms the natural introduction to the others that follow.

P. W.

was de bes' man for travel on de woods an' reever an' mountain, in de whole Nor'-Wes'. He carry beeg pack, but he always tak' wit' heem, no matter he was go on de portage or climb mountain for hunt de goat, hees fiddle so he can mak' de tune w'en he want it. He was good on de camp-fire, laugh a lot, sing, an' tole beeg story about w'at he can do. An' he do w'at he say, you bet; only he boas' it firs' an' do it af'er—dat's de kin' he was.

'You know dat beeg mountain, Roche Miette, dat's near Yellowhead Pass? She's call af'er heem, I tole you for w'y. He was pass on de reever, one tam, by de foot of dat mountain. She's hang over, so high you can't t'ink, bare stone lak house of a giant. Miette, he been tole some purty beeg story about heemself, an' one feller, half-breed, he say, "You will tole us one tam how you smoke de pipe on top of dat mountain". Miette, he crick hees neck, look up at de rock, an' he say, "Dat's right, I will smoke de pipe on dat mountain to-day".

'So he go off, dat feller, climb up top of de rock (it tak' heem all day), sit on de edge wit' hees leg dey hang down over de At'abasca Reever, an' he smoke hees pipe. W'en he come down af'er dark, he say, "A-di-do? I been have de nice smoke up dere wit' St. Peter on de gate".

"Hip-hooraw", say de half-breeds; "we will call it Roche Miette for remember". An' dat w'at she's call ever since, you fin' on de map.

'But I mus' tole you about de tam he dance wit' de Marionettes, dat's de Nordern Lights. You know w'at it mean? De Marionettes, dey will come out on de sky if you play de music on quiet night. Dey will come out an' dance, mak' you watch dem, forget w'ere you are, play an' play till your speerit she leave you an' go off on de sky for join on de dance. De body lie dead on de groun'; dat happen some tam.

'Well, one tam on de Fall Miette he come down to de Fort from Ti-Jean Cache in de mountain, an' he have de good tam. Was dronk all day, sing song, an' he mak' de love on one Indian girl. He geeeve all hees frien' de gran' tam also.

'One day he say, "I will get marry tomorrow. Nice Indian girl she will tak' me. We'll all have beeg fun tonight, celebrate, mak' de bonfire, dreenk w'iskey, sing song, hip-hooraw! I will play fiddle, mak' de Marionettes dey dance on my wedding."

'Dat was a fire, you bet; can see it mebbe twenty mile away on de Beaver Hills. Miette he shout an' sing an' play fiddle,

"En roulant ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule!"
an' de odders dey sing wit' heem.

'All de tam Bourgard he kip look on de sky, an' at las' he see light in de nort'; de Marionettes was come out for dance wit' de song. Bourgard, he get scare w'en he see; say dey better stop sing an' tole story now, or somet'ing might happen. But Miette,

he jomp up an' shout on de sky, "Welcome, you Marionettes. You dance on my wedding; I geeve you de music." An' hees fiddle, he mak' her go lak she's crazy. He ron an' he jomp roun' de fire. Hees frien's laugh at firs', Miette look so fony, play de fiddle lak dat an' keeck up hees leg for dance de sam' tam. But Bourgard, he kip look on de nort'. Firs' de lights dey spread across de sky one band of w'ite, lak someone was lay de carpet, nort' an' sout'. Soon he see shadow come across, move along de w'ite path lak ghos' on de march. Dat's de Marionettes, get all ready. Den colour come on, lak ghos' carry flag, green, yellow, an' pink.

'Miette, he play hard on hees fiddle, an' hees face it shine wet on de fire. But nobody watch heem. De faster he play, de faster de Marionettes dey move up an' down, carry flag in an' out, till it mak' you dizzy to look at. All on sudden, de lights dey all ron to one en' of de sky, dat's de nort', an' colours go high on de air, w'ite, pink, green, an' vi'let. Marionettes dey go mad. Dey leave de w'ite path, jomp all roun' on de sky, nort', sout', eas', wes', come togedder again, dance all one way, den back, spread out, spin aroun', slide off top of de sky lak toboggan, mak' de mad circle from wes', nort', eas' to sout' an' dance on up again to de top overhead. Den a beeg sheet of colour, lak curtain of green, yellow, pink, w'ich sheever lak breeze blow across it, she hide de whole sky for a meenute.

'De colour go out, an' de sky is all dark; only star in, w'ich look ver' quiet. Ever'body look for Miette on de fire. He's not dere. No music, no dance. Dey can't fin' heem at all on dat place. You bet dey was scare. Bourgard say he mus' have gone wit' de Marionettes w'en dat curtain she come on de sky.'

The old man paused, and, finding that his pipe had gone out, refilled it slowly.

'Did Miette never come back?' said the little boy.

'Miette?' said the old man. 'Yes, he come back, two-t'ree days af'er dat; but he's not lak heemself—eye sunk in de head, clo'es tore; hees fiddle she's broke, but he kip in hees han'. He won't talk about. Bourgard say he been have de bad tam on de sky, dance wit' Marionettes all de night.

'Course he lose de girl; she go back on de boosh wit' her peop'; dey was Wood Cree. An' Miette, he go back on de mountain, by Ti-Jean Cache, feex up hees traps, an' leeve alone dat winter.'

II. Ti-Jean and the Unicorn¹

THAT'S a funny name, Ti-Jean Cache', said the little boy next evening.

'Some folks w'at know a lot', said Baptiste, 'dey t'ink it should be call *Tête Jaune*, dat's name af'er feller wit' de yellow hair lak de Yellow-

head Pass she was name af'er. But out in de mountains dey don't soun' it lak dat at all; dey soun' it lak Ti-Jean heemself, an' he's a good one it should be name af'er. He's de fonnies' feller you ever can laugh at. You hear about heem?'

'No. Please tell me, Ba'tiste', said the boy.

'Lots of t'ing happen heem; he's queer man, you bet, lak Wisaketchak de Indian out Wes' dey tole so moch story about. Well, dis here Ti-Jean he's soch a lazy feller he sit all day in de sun outside hees shack. He lie on hees back in de grass an' shut hees eye for sleep, but de beeg bottle-blue flies dey come in swarm an' keep heem awake.

'He turn over an' over, but de flies dey buzz all de tam at hees head. He wave hees han', an' say, "Leave me alone, you flies; go on away". But dey say, "Wuz, wuz, wuz, wuz comin' back again", an' dey come on all de sam'. So at las' he get up an' say, "All right, you flies, I'll geeve you somet'ing to eat in a meenute". He go into hees shack an' bring out some bread an' sugar an' milk an' a piece of board. He crumble de bread an' sugar on de board, an' stir dem up wit' de milk, an' invite de flies dey come an' eat. Dey come in swarm, dose greedy fellers. So soon dey all be dere, Ti-Jean he roll up hees sleeve, an' spit on hees han', an' pouf! He keell one t'ousan' of dem wit' one stroke an' five hondre' wit' de nex' one.

'Af'er dat he mak' a sign-board w'ich say, "Ti-Jean he keell a t'ousan' wit' de one stroke an' five hondre' wit' de nex' one". Den he go an' lie on hees stomach in a haystack for get some more sleep.

'Af'er w'ile de king pass by dat way, an' see de sign-board. He tak' a look an' read, "He keell one t'ousan' wit' de one stroke an' five hondre' wit' de nex' one". Den he say to hees coachman, "Here, queeck, you coachman, go an' wake heem up, dat feller."

"W'at you want, eh?" say de coachman; he was scare stiff. "Go an' get myself keell!"

"Oh, no", say de king, "wake heem up polite."

"So de coachman he go up an' say, "Mr. Ti-Jean".

"W'at you want?" say Ti-Jean.

"Hees Majesty he t'ink he want to speak wit' you."

"So Ti-Jean go to de King, an' bow, an' say, "W'at for Your Majesty want, eh? Somet'ing?"

"Is it fac'", say de King, "you keell a t'ousan' wit' de one stroke an' five hondre' wit' de nex' one?"

"Fac'", say Ti-Jean.

"Will you work for me, eh?"

"Yes", say Ti-Jean.

"Dere is some beeg monsters in my fores",

¹This and the four following tales are translated and adapted from originals gathered in the field by Mr. C. M. Barbeau of Ottawa, and reproduced by him in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada*.



NORTHERN PINE
PEN DRAWING
BY
J. E. H. MACDONALD

say de King. "I would lak you keell dem all. Dere is a unicorn in dese woods keell ever'body he fin'. Will you keell off dat feller for me?"

"Yes", say Ti-Jean. "Only I'll want somethings to eat. Mebbe I get los' in dat beeg fores'."

"Here you are", say de King, an' he geeve heem some food in a basket. Af'er dat de King tak' heem to a leetle pat', an' say, "You follow dis here pat', an' af'er wile you come near an' ole ruin church. Dat's de place dis unicorn he levee."

So Ti-Jean he go off, was feel purty beeg at firs'; but af'er wile w'en de woods get dark, he feel smaller an' smaller till at las' he say to heemself, "If I see dis beeg beas', I shall run lak de devil". But he walk an' walk an' walk between beeg trees in de beeg, black boosh.

All on a suddenly, w'at he should see but de unicorn rise heemself up from behin' a rock, an' point hees beeg horn jus' lak one musket, an' scratch de groun' wit' hees hoof. Ti-Jean he so scare he forget how to stop an' he walk right on. De unicorn watch heem out of hees beeg roun' eyes, as beeg as my fis'. W'en Ti-Jean go by, too scare for run, de unicorn fall in behin'; he t'ink Ti-Jean must be purty strong man for walk lak dat an' nevaire look back. Ti-Jean walk on an' on, too scare for turn roun', an' unicorn he walk af'er. Dat was some walk, I tole you.

W'en Ti-Jean reach de ole ruin church, he walk right roun' an' run in at de door, w'ich he hide behin'. Unicorn he jump af'er, bang! t'rough de door, so hard dat Ti-Jean have tam jump out again an' close door fas' before unicorn he can turn roun'.

So dere was de unicorn trap in de ole ruin church. Wit' eyes beeg as my fis', it beat on de wall wit' hees head, an' Ti-Jean he climb up outside, for look down in. W'at a noise dat ole unicorn mak', wit' hees hoofs an' hees horn.

"You will nevaire get out of dat place", say Ti-Jean, an' he go off for tole de King.

"You back!" say de King. "Den w'ete is dis unicorn w'at I tole you mus' keell?"

"Wait a meenute", say Ti-Jean. "Listen here wile I tole you. I tak' heem by de tail an' t'row heem in de ole ruin church. Dat's de place you fin' heem right now."

"But de King shak' hees head. "I don't believe", he say.

"Come an' see", say Ti-Jean; an' de King, who don't believe at all, go off for see heemself.

W'en dey come to de ole ruin church dey hear a noise lak de unicorn beat hees head on de wall. So Ti-Jean he say firs' of all, "I'll open de door".

"No, don't", say de King.

"I'll tak' heem by de tail."

"Not at all," say de King. "Don't do it. I tole you mus' not to."

Ti-Jean is not a bit sorry de King not let heem do dose t'ing, but he say, "At leas' Your Majesty

mus' have good look at." So dey climb up on de wall, dose two, an' look at de unicorn down inside. Wit' eyes as beeg as my fis', he point hees horn at de King an' beat hees head on de wall.

"We mus' go", say de King.

"An' dey go off an' leave de unicorn in de ole ruin church, w'ere he levee till he die."

"And then did Ti-Jean marry the King's daughter?" asked the little boy, whose eyes were nearly as big as Baptiste had represented the unicorn's to be.

"How many stories you want me to tole you, eh?" said Baptiste. "Dat's anudder long one, dat. Not so easy marry a princess in dose days. One unicorn! Pah! You got to do more'n dat for a princess. You run along now. Dat's enough true story for one leetle boy dis night. Scoot!"

The little boy dodged the hand that reached for his collar and fled through the door.

PAUL A. W. WALLACE.

Tendencies in Modern British Music

I

IT is not many years since I read a most entertaining little volume by a German author whose name I forgot, entitled *Das Land ohne Musik*. The land in question was, of course, England, and the author explained that the word music was to be understood, not in its restricted sense, but rather as symbolizing the spiritual attitude which naturally expresses itself in song. In the absence of this quality the author found the key to many Anglo-Saxon characteristics which ordinarily puzzled his countrymen not a little. The book was full of shrewd, though decidedly superficial, observation, not in the least malicious (it was written before the war), and often very amusingly expressed. I can recommend it as a good evening's entertainment to any reader of German who happens to come across it. But it was very much out of date. The gist of the argument seemed to be, simply, that England was full of Podsnaps, which is true enough. But even the most violent Anglophobe will scarcely deny that the unengaging Podsnap is no longer the typical figure in England, though he died hard, and his legend dies harder. The musical awakening of England within the last twenty or twenty-five years is a fact of significance even to those whose interest in music is negligible, for music and Mr. Podsnap are eternally incompatible, and that worthy must retreat more and more into the background as the musical spirit advances. Nor is it any longer true that the foreigner rules the English musical world. On the contrary, the serious danger of the present time is the musical chauvinist. He has done much harm already in France, and it is to be hoped that

the Englishman's proverbial hatred of extremes will suffice to keep him in his proper place.

For almost two centuries, beginning with the arrival of Handel in England, English music was in a backwater. True, the musical traditions of the Church were to some extent maintained, but comparatively little English church music of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries is worthy of the traditions of Byrd, Gibbons, and Purcell. In the general musical developments of the period, England took practically no part, being content to follow the Continent, and especially Germany, in the most slavish manner. Musical life centred largely in mammoth choral festivals, at which the staple article of diet was *The Messiah*—a work which the average Briton regarded much as he did the Bible—in other words, as something to be worshipped rather than understood. The image of Handel remained on the musical High Altar up to the very end, though battered and generally ill-used in recent years by irreverent iconoclasts, and presently lesser fanes were erected to the honour and glory of Mendelssohn (who shared with Landseer the enthusiastic admiration of our late dear queen), Gounod, and Brahms.

Contempt of nineteenth century England has become such an obvious *cliché* of late, that some ultra-modern is bound very soon to distinguish himself from his neighbours by praising it with the enthusiasm of one who has just made a new and astonishing discovery. But surely the musician, more than any one else, has the right to look upon that century as the darkest of the dark ages. The age which produced Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats produced no musical figure in England more outstanding than—Sir George Smart! It was an age of great composers elsewhere, but England was, musically, in the remote provinces, and had the provincial attitude which looks upon native artists as 'local talent'—to be given an occasional pat on the back, as one might say, 'How well the boy is coming on!' This is no longer the attitude of the English public: British composers and performers are far from having a monopoly (Heaven forbid that they ever should!), but there is at least no preferential tariff in favour of foreign music as such, and every encouragement is given the native musician, short of treating him as a tender hot-house plant. England is regaining the place she occupied three centuries ago among the musical nations of the world, and it is safe to say that, whatever valuation is placed upon present day British music by posterity, no future musical historian will be able to dismiss it as of no significance.

One can, of course, see traces of foreign influences of one kind or another in the work of most of the composers with whom we have to deal; the German influence might be called architectural, the French, literary, and the Russian in the direction of colour. German methods are most commonly found in the

music of the older generation: Parry at his best is a sort of British Brahms, showing a fine exaltation of spirit and a sensitive feeling for melodic outline, while at his worst he is an intolerably dull Doctor of Music; Stanford is also Brahmsian in his methods, though he has more creative ability than Parry, and is somewhat bound by academic traditions. Many of the younger composers of chamber-music, too, have learned their craft in the school of Brahms, and an admirable school it is, provided that its influence does not overshadow the individual talents of the student.

But strong as the influence of Brahms has been, that of Wagner has been stronger still, for it constantly makes its presence felt in the works of the man who, with all his faults, will probably be regarded by future generations as the greatest English composer of his time. Sir Edward Elgar gives evidence of true originality in many respects, but his architectural methods and much of his harmonic texture are Wagnerian. The prelude to *Gerontius*, for instance, has its prototype in the prelude to *Parsifal*, and the whole scheme of *The Apostles* and *The Kingdom* reminds one irresistibly of *Tristan*, widely different though these works may be in actual content. Granville Bantock, too, has drunk deeply at the Wagnerian well, and even when he would be most Oriental (an indication of his literary, rather than of his musical tastes), he rarely travels farther East than Bayreuth. Nor can the versatile Joseph Holbrooke be said, in what is perhaps his most ambitious work, *The Children of Don*, to have given the world anything more original than a shadowy version of *Götterdämmerung*: the kind of thing that the Kloses, the Kienzls, and the Hans Sommers were presenting to the Fatherland in great numbers before the war—and may be still doing for aught I know. Such works are not common in British musical literature: indeed at the present day, the reaction against Wagnerism in certain quarters has led some honest but hot-headed critics to an unjust and regrettable disparagement of the great master himself.

The influence of the modern French school on British music has been less marked, for French ways of thinking are in many respects the very antithesis of British, however popular Gallic dishes may be to an English palate. Cyril Scott, for instance, has sometimes been classed with Debussy, and there are certain superficial resemblances in his harmonic methods. But his music is heavy and often monotonous; he has neither the imagination nor the sure and delicate technique of the Frenchman. One cannot well imagine an English Debussy: still less can one imagine an English Ravel. The influence of these composers is to be found less in technical peculiarities than in the impressionistic ideas which they suggest—a literary influence, as I have already said—and in the restraint which they embody. It is not easy to define this influence, which is a subtle

one, but it makes its presence felt in numerous works of the younger composers, often in works which superficially seem to have nothing in common with French music.

With regard to the Russians, it is, no doubt, giving them too great a share of credit to attribute entirely to them the important rôle which colour plays in much modern British music (as, indeed, it does in modern music of all nations); in this respect modern music owes as much, if not more, to Berlioz, to Wagner, and to Liszt. But the popularity of Russian music has always been due largely to the inborn sense of instrumental effect which the Russians, almost without exception, display, and the importance of colour in their scheme of things combined with the manifold discoveries which they have made in this realm have turned the attention of most present day composers in this direction as never before. Unfortunately a good deal of music is being written merely to demonstrate this or that aesthetic theory (a theory which in many cases concerns itself almost exclusively with the mere quality of sounds), but such experiments have added many weapons to our technical armoury, and one rarely hears a new work—especially a new orchestral work—which does not offer something original in the way of instrumental or vocal effect. The prevalent taste for epigrammatic brevity encourages composers to concentrate on immediate effect; this effect usually takes the form of pungent harmonies, striking rhythms, and, above all, effective orchestration. England has several composers of this type: she has just lost one in the person of Arthur Bliss, who has gone to California, and is, I believe, about to lose another in the person of Eugene Goosens, who has also been attracted to America. But while owing much to Stravinski and Prokovieff, and in some instances scarcely less to Scriabine (a very different kind of personality, though sharing the national taste for gorgeous colour), British composers as a rule have not allowed this influence to exclude others. Few, for instance, have been willing to disregard German structural methods, which is a healthy sign, for we cannot subsist on musical quick lunches forever, and a very substantial foundation is necessary if we are to have anything of value done in the 'grand manner'. But it is time to consider native influences, which are, naturally, the most important of all, and of these we find abundant traces. These include the folk-music of the British Isles, and the works of Elizabethan and Restoration composers.

ERNEST MACMILLAN.

The Bookshelf Dangerous Toys

The World Crisis 1911-1914, by Winston S. Churchill
(Thornton-Butterworth; pp. 536; \$6.75).

The personal records of men whose careers have embraced both literature and politics have so often proved disappointing that sometimes one has been driven to wonder whether experience in letters may not actually tend to paralyze the man of action when he ventures out, too often in the dusk of evening, on the always unfamiliar path of self-revelation. How much more absorbing and enlightening, one feels, will be the untutored effusions of Mr. Lloyd George than, say, the studied hesitations, the polished reticences, of a Lord Balfour. Perhaps it all comes down to a question of circumstance and disposition. But whatever the secret is, there can be no doubt about Mr. Churchill's having it. Here, heightened by a confident mastery of material, is that peculiar, fascinating sense of immediate contact with events, with the day-to-day problems of great ministers, with midnight conferences in government offices, with the fateful decisions of tired men at dawn, with the tidings of approaching dangers, with secret plans, secret antagonisms, secret apprehensions, in short with the ever moving drama of contemporary history, that only the actor himself can convey.

Such a book inevitably exposes its author to the criticism of improperly, or at least prematurely, divulging official information. Let us admit that our standards on this mixed question of taste and morals have declined since the war, and it is enough to say that Mr. Churchill has used this part of his material with every evidence of fairness and without a trace of animosity. Indeed the book impresses one with its sincerity and its magnanimity no less than with its dramatic vitality. A solitary critic has complained that it is rhetorical. It is rhetorical, splendidly rhetorical. The invocation to the 'foolish-diligent Germans, working so hard, thinking so deeply'; the description of the Irish crisis of 1914, 'the vehemence with which great masses of men yield themselves to partizanship... the infectious loyalties, the praise that waits on violence'; the picture of the old world on the verge of its catastrophe, 'lapped in the accumulated treasures of the long peace'; this sort of rhetoric, far from veiling truth, illuminates history, even if the history itself is a little one-sided. For it must be confessed that the early part of the book, the part that deals with the diplomatic events leading up to the war, though free from the meaner prejudices, is neither thorough nor impartial. Such important evidence as that concerning the secret relations of the French and Russian Foreign Offices is completely ignored; and the easy, but now rather shaky assumption of sole responsibility for the war is tenaciously clung to. The result is that this preliminary historical

survey, brilliant and often penetrating as it is, can hardly be regarded from a strictly historical point of view as anything more valuable than the essentially personal conception of an able but distinctly erratic mind, a mind too often obsessed, for all its vigour and originality, by outworn sentiments and stale shibboleths.

In fact, though this book will increase its author's reputation as a writer of unusual talent, it will at the same time go far towards supplying a justification for the unaccountable feeling of distrust that he has nearly always inspired among his fellow countrymen, especially among those in whose company he has passed the greater part of his political life. Not that the book by any means fails in its subsidiary object of rehabilitating Mr. Churchill as an administrator and a strategist; in that, so far as one can judge from this first volume, which stops just short of the Dardanelles, it is unexpectedly successful. The evidence of the Admiralty minutes, here so liberally printed, can leave little doubt in anyone's mind that Mr. Churchill must be ranked with Lord Haldane as one of the ablest administrators that this generation is ever likely to see. He was the sort of Minister who combined with the broadest kind of outlook an appreciation of detail and a recognition of his subordinates' work that drove him to clear his desk every night, no matter how late the hour. As a strategist he was very far from being the sort of empirical amateur that the war threw up in such abundance—men who dabbled, often disastrously, in the most difficult problems of strategy, and yet could not be bothered reading Clausewitz because he was not practical. On the contrary he had a passion and, it would seem, in spite of his failures, something very like a flair for the theory of war. He also had what was a weakness in a man in his position, a passion for immediate contact with war. A whiff of powder at Antwerp, and he telegraphed the Prime Minister begging to be made a Major-General instead of First Lord of the Admiralty.

That, in fact, is the secret that emerges from between the lines of this book. The artist, betraying the politician, simply cannot help telling us as plainly as if he had written it on every page: Mr. Churchill loves war, he loves the exhilaration and gamble of war; he loves the secret, romantic, diplomatic manoeuvres that lead up to war; he loves the sense of power and destiny that comes to the holders of high office in times of crisis. There is a significant passage in which he speaks with impatience of the difficulties that beset the enthusiastic soldier or sailor in time of peace surrounded by 'people, greatly superior in authority and often in intelligence, who regard him as a plotting knave, or at best an overgrown child playing with toys, and dangerous toys at that'. Is it not, as a matter of fact, a little in this way that people have been inclined to watch Mr. Churchill's

own activities? Not that one questions the sincerity of his belief in himself as a friend of peace any more than one questions the same conviction in the hearts of most professional soldiers. All are friends of peace according to their own lights, and Mr. Churchill can write quite sincerely,

Although the special duties of my office made it imperative that I, of all others, should be vigilant and forward in all that related to preparation for war, I claim, as these pages show, that in my subordinate station I had in these years before the war done nothing wittingly or willingly to impair the chances of a peaceable solution.

No, no, nothing 'wittingly or willingly', nothing that violated the conventions of the old game of armed security, of world power, of secret alliances—the game that led, and leads inevitably to one end, and one only. In 'all that related to preparation for war' Mr. Churchill was an admirable First Lord, but as his subsequent career at the War Office, with its sanguinary attempts to re-establish peace and order in Russia, has since proved, it is indeed dangerous to put so military a temperament in charge of such explosive toys.

E. H. BLAKE.

Economics

The History of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, by Victor Ross; Vol. II (Oxford; pp. XII+ 595).

Finis coronet opus. We must offer our heartiest congratulations to Mr. Victor Ross on the completion of a great undertaking. For without a doubt this is perhaps the most important and magnificent work on Canadian economic history which has appeared for many years. We should like to deal with it, first, from that point of view. First of all, the story is told of the chartering of the bank and its early years, and this in relationship to the peculiar distinctions between British and U.S.A. banking issues which the average citizens of the Empire too often fail to appreciate in the financial facilities and business ease of the former. Next, the story is told of developments from 1867 to 1901—financial expansions, growing business, incorporations, changes in policies, personal achievements, widening of fields, increasing public honour and appreciation. The same activities are followed up to 1914, with excellent chapters on the bank during the War and on the legislative development of the Canadian banking system—the latter a model of first class economic history by Dr. Adam Shortt. Then follow appendices covering internal policy—such as buildings, the stationery department, pension funds—and external interests of importance—such as marine insurance during the War, the branch clearing system, note issues. All of this history is simply invaluable to the economist and the financier, and the library of neither can be complete without a volume which is carefully written, annotated with

fulness and accuracy (by Mr. A. St. L. Trigge), and full, not only of detailed statistics about the bank itself, but of financial information of international import. We have no hesitation in saying that the book is a splendid contribution to economic scholarship and of the highest credit to Mr. Ross and his helpers.

But there is another side which will illustrate the immense skill which has gone to the work. Most of us take banking more or less for granted—institutional, as the post office or railway. Mr. Ross's book makes it a great romance. No one can read the chapter on 'The Yukon Adventure' (by Mr. P. C. Stevenson) or that on 'The Romance of Banking' without entering into the spirit of Mr. Ross as a maker of books and the spirit which goes to make a nation. The skill with which chapters such as these—adventures with nature and gold—are woven into the economic narrative without destroying its validity is worthy of the greatest praise. Then again, nation-building is all right, but behind its rising tiers must lie financial security—just the thing, too, which makes you and me take the Bank of Commerce for granted—and here we get in behind the scenes—we see the plans prepared, we follow the growing public sense of trust, we watch the Corporation take on the symbolical characteristics of Canadian development—a strong tower at home, an ambassador of confidence abroad—until at length we sit back and tell ourselves how unimaginative we have been for years in failing to find adventure, romance, poetry, faith in offices which we have taken merely as decent and polished machines for helping us to help the shareholders. Truly, the kingdom of heaven cometh not by observation. We can only pity the man who finds this book dull: he does not deserve to have an account, let alone an overdraft or a small accommodation on his own security from the generous manager of the Bank of Life.

Last but not least are the illustrations. Some of them will pass into Canadian history—just look at Jordan and King in 1820, the White and Chilkoot Passes in 1898, or the Dawson Manager's Dog Team, or the Cobalt Manager visiting South Porcupine District—to take only a few of the more general. They are all of value and have evidently all been

carefully selected. Then beginning at page 502 there are cuts of Canadian Bank of Commerce notes from May 1st, 1867—where art is already seen—down to the beautiful twenty-dollar notes of to-day.

But enough—if there are many people in Canada who enjoy this book as we have done, then there ought to be cheaper money for the borrower, more branches for the bank, and Sir Edmund Walker will recall at his next directors' meeting that 'man shall not live by bread alone'.

W. P. M. KENNEDY.

Social and Economic Conditions in the Dominion of Canada, edited by W. P. M. Kennedy (May, 1923, issue of *The Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*; pp. viii + 319; \$1.00).

To the excellent series of bi-monthly publications issued by the American Academy there has just been added an admirable and comprehensive survey of Canadian conditions. It deserves a hearty welcome by all students of affairs, most of whom have often sighed for just such a compact volume of significant information. It is no mere muster of Canadian 'facts', nor yet one of those too numerous exhibits of our national advantages, but a judicious setting forth, by a selected list of writers, of our social and economic situation. The living problems of population and immigration, of transportation and trade, of taxation and finance, of agriculture and industry, are here focused against their historical and geographical backgrounds. Professor Kennedy deserves hearty congratulations for having planned this work and secured so authoritative a list of articles as well as for the very serviceable bibliography he has appended to the volume. Of the forty-two articles there are only one or two which fall below the high standard at which he has aimed, a remarkably small percentage considering the vast extent of the field. The subject of domestic trade might have received more generous treatment and there certainly ought to have been some recognition of the very important rôle played by the Canadian Pacific Railway in the economic life of the country. But in spite of these omissions the volume before us stands, and is likely to stand for years to come, as by far the best review



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Fiction

The Ladybird: The Fox: The Captain's Doll, by D. H. Lawrence (Martin Secker; pp. 255; 7/6).

In these three short stories we have Mr. Lawrence at his best. Each is a complete novel in condensed form, giving amazing insight into the lives past, present, and future of two or three people. We do not get their characters, so much as their intimate relations with one another. It is on the whole true of Mr. Lawrence that he writes of life as it would be if there were no restraints of conscience or convention. His settings for the first two stories are taken from the ordinary life of upper and middle class society; the third is more definitely Bohemian, but in all three alike there is the completest assumption of individual liberty. But though his people are unnaturally free from the bonds of conscience, they are subject to what is perhaps a compensation bondage of fate and coincidence. In a queer, dimly-understood way Lady Daphne is enslaved to her ladybird-engraved thimble, March to her encounter with the fox, and Hannele to the wax figure she has made of Captain Hepburn. Ladybird, fox, and doll might have been entirely insignificant. It is only because something in the three women responds to them as fatal symbols that they become powerful. There is only a sense of fatality because the characters respond intensely in certain ways to things in themselves innocent.

These more or less symbolic 'things' are of a piece with the irrational movement of all three stories. In all there is the blind answer of person to person, the response to the siren-call, all instinct, unballasted by reflection. Mr. Lawrence isolates the terrific power of the siren and compels us to see and hear as no other modern writer does. He does not waste breath trying to explain why the call must be answered. Its irresistible force is all that he is concerned with. At the end of the first story, when the full response of person to person has been made, we are left with a sense of complete experience, as if life could hold no surprises now. Basil's comment on the change wrought in Daphne is 'She is much quieter inside herself'. The other two stories do not carry us quite so far, and March and Hannele are left in a state of unrest. But Mr. Lawrence makes it quite clear what he expects for them, and finishes the tales with a strong suggestion of what lies before them.

This volume is another answer to the question, What is life like? By reason of its concreteness and avoidance of argument and theory, it carries far more conviction than either *Women in Love* or *Aaron's Rod*.

Victoria, by Knut Hamsun (Macmillan; pp. 166; \$1.75).

The reader of translated modern fiction is apt to

be in the position of the importer of a barrel of apples. He may find the best first. While some English readers of Hamsun met him in *Mothwise* or *Hunger*, the majority knew him first in that majestic epic of northern pioneering, *Growth of the Soil*, his latest and finest work. After it, any of his earlier work, even *Pan* or *Wanderers*, are bound to be less impressive. Nevertheless, *Victoria*, the most recently translated of Hamsun's books, makes delightful reading for the not yet utterly hardened. It is frankly a sweet little pitiful romance. It has none of the objective dignity of *Growth of the Soil*, nor the intense subjectivity of *Hunger*, nor the perverse strength of *Pan*, though indeed it reminds one very strongly of this last. But *Pan* is tragic, because of two wilful people; *Victoria* is pathetic, because of one wilful man; hence *Victoria* is the truer. The story breathes again the country air, and so is full once more of the incomparable atmosphere that we missed in *Shallow Soil*. Hamsun sometimes is, or seems to be careless of technique, and there will be those who will quarrel with the structure, especially the ending of the book, probably with justice. Some will be annoyed, too, by the sentimentality of the last letter. They would be annoyed by Henchard's will, also. One may be annoyed with life, but life is still what it is.

Selections from Sam Slick, edited by Paul A. W. Wallace (Ryerson Press; pp. 150; \$1.50).

In his 'Comments' on this little collection, Professor Alexander says that 'Haliburton has a plausible claim to being the originator of the school of humour which is supposedly, in a special sense, American'. I presume that he refers mainly to 'literary humour'. I am sure, however, that a more splendid title to fame is his. Boyhood recollections and later comparisons of notes, have convinced me that Sam Slick, for rural and village Ontario at any rate, supplied the mould into which the magnificent humour of our grandfathers was cast. Not that Sam Slick created their humour, but he gave them a pattern by which they cut out their own stuff. There are scintillating old patriarchs who have never heard of Sam Slick in their lives, but who are constantly employing his very expressions. Unfortunately, there is so much political and economic theory in his books, that the general reader, especially the young one, is likely to find the going too heavy on the detours. Sam's intimates never will, but chance acquaintances may. This, and the lack of popular editions of his works, have conspired to obscure Haliburton's memory. Fortunately he can be 'selected' without mutilation, and Mr. Wallace has performed this task splendidly in a series of eight sketches, which are thoroughly representative of all of Haliburton's work, both humorous and serious, with the inevitable exclusion, of course, of his political polemics. One

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misses certain old pets, but would not displace one of the selections included by Mr. Wallace. There is a bibliography, a portrait of Haliburton, and an excellent, informative introduction.

Wisdom of the Wilderness, by Charles G. D. Roberts (Macmillan; pp. 184; \$1.75).

We are always glad to hear from Mr. Roberts when he writes of animals, and those who find a fascination in the wilds and their secret, eager life should not fail to read him. He has not the gift of vivid objective narrative that belongs to Ernest Seton Thompson and W. J. Long, nor the latter's vigorous and racy prose; but he adds imaginative insight to observation and gives his animals a second life without the medium of the human onlooker. If he does not succeed as well as Thompson and Long, it is partly because he is attempting something much more difficult, and partly because he often crowds too many incidents into a short tale, deserting his more leisurely and descriptive beginnings for a swift succession of adventures. This may be true of wild life, but it tries the reader's receptive faculties. Despite his weaknesses, however, under his hands the rabbit seen scudding down a run-way, or the mink crouching a moment to glare at one in the midst of its fishing, takes on a continuous and real existence which the majority of us take no trouble or have no power to realize.

The present volume, with its nine stories of birds, beasts, and insects, is no exception to the rule, though all old readers will greatly miss Mr. Bull's familiar illustrations. The least satisfactory account is that of an ant and its comrades. An insect's life is far more difficult to conceive than that of either animal or bird, and besides, one inevitably makes a comparison with such masters as Henri Fabre.

Among the other stories it is difficult to choose the best. 'Fishers of the Air', dealing with two fish-hawks, is perhaps the most united, but the poetic feeling in the opening and closing paragraphs of 'The Watchers in the Swamp' give it a place by itself. After reading these short passages, those who have not yet had the luck to hear a hermit thrush will be willing to spend part of their next sojourn in the solitudes to obtain that delight.

At the risk of appearing niggling, there are two minor faults to find. On page 133 Mr. Roberts mistakes the seed for the flower when he speaks of the 'wild sumach with its massive tufts of acrid, dark-crimson bloom'. The blossom is greenish yellow. He makes a more serious blunder in the sub-titles to five of the stories. They are more appropriate to cheap magazine material than to his work. But these are small matters.

Miscellaneous

Unemployment in East London: A Survey made from Toynbee Hall (P. S. King; 1/-).

These enquiries were made in Bethnal Green, Poplar, Shoreditch, and Stepney during the present industrial depression. The methods adopted may confidently be recommended as a model to Canadians undertaking similar research. The results are not always presented as clearly as they might have been; but it is evident, first, that the duration and extent of unemployment exceeded all previous experience, and secondly, that (principally owing to the comprehensive social reforms adopted in England since 1904) cases of acute distress have been comparatively rare.

Robert Norwood, by A. D. Watson (Makers of Canadian Literature; Ryerson Press; pp. 124; \$1.25).

An English book was written a few months ago on *Six English Writers*, and one of the six was Rudyard Kipling; Dr. Watson has written a book on Robert Norwood. I doubt if the present series, laudable though its object is, will achieve that object. Anthologies, periodicals, even judicious use of school textbooks are, or can be, more effective means of making us acquainted with our writers. At any rate, let us, if only for pride's sake, beware of the fulsomess of advertising 'puffing', lest, with our little 'Makers of Canadian Literature', we make laughingstocks of ourselves, and of our honest craftsmen and singers, by assigning them a false relative importance which they would be the first to deprecate.

A Desk-Book of Idioms and Idiomatic Phrases, by Frank H. Vizetelly and L. J. de Bekker (Funk & Wagnalls; pp. viii+498; \$2.00).

This book aims at 'reflecting in all its picturesqueness the idiomatic language of the plain people', while avoiding short-lived slang. One may be a plain person and yet not care to use some of the 11,000 phrases and expressions recorded here. The book has two uses: it is a convenient collection of idioms (which the editors in a flimsy, confused introduction call 'vimful'), and it is also a storehouse of what to avoid in writing decent English.

Books Received

Six Breeds, by R. G. Kirk (Macmillan; pp. 266; \$2.50).

The Poor Man, by Stella Benson (Macmillan; pp. 252; \$2.25).

In the Heart of the Canadian Rockies, by Sir James Outram (Macmillan; pp. 466; \$4.00).

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The Business Cycle, II

IT really cannot be said with any degree of truth that our first article on 'The Business Cycle' advanced our knowledge of the subject at all, since its conclusions simply amounted to the confession that we do not know very much about the problem. But even a confession of ignorance is not without its value, because at least it does show where further investigation is needed, and the problem of the business cycle affords a magnificent field for economic research.

It has already been remarked that while we are still in ignorance as to the fundamental causes of the cycle, we can measure it with very fair accuracy. Taking the course of Stock Exchange prices as our unit we can, with ease, trace the upward and downward swings, and note the high and low points reached. The following table exhibits the course of an average of ten Canadian industrial common stocks from 1902 to September 1914, and from January 1919 to the beginning of 1921. The war period has been omitted, as too confused to afford any useful data. The letters H and L before the dates denote that in the month designated the stocks included reached their highest or lowest points.

	Period	Trend	Length
(H) Aug.	'02 to (L) March '04	Down	19 months
(L) April	'04 " (H) March '06	Up	23 "
(H) April	'06 " (L) Nov. '07	Down	19 "
(L) Dec.	'07 " (H) Feb. '10	Up	25 "
(H) March	'10 " (L) Aug. '10	Down	5 "
(L) Sept.	'10 " (H) Aug. '12	Up	24 "
(War period omitted)			
(H) Nov.	'19 to (L) Feb. '21	Down	15 "

A complete analysis of this little study would entail a very long exposition, but we may at least point out some conclusions that are permissible. In the first place, we can see that the downward trend is sharper than the upward, following, no doubt, the obvious physical law that it is considerably easier to roll down hill than to toil up it. Secondly, we might be able to draw some very nice conclusions about the length of the upward and downward trends if it were not for the period of 1910 confusing the issue. Investigation will show that the setback of that year in the United States was little felt in Canada and the recovery was rapid. But the setback of 1910 provides a problem for the barometrist that is not very easy to surmount. Here we have a short dip of five months suddenly interpellated into the seemingly orderly progress of the cycle. If only it had been a decline of, say, 15 months, how perfectly it would have fitted into the theory of the business cycle that the poor statistician is so desperately trying to evolve! But it is not, it is only five months and we are left in despair once more.

But even yet the situation is not perfectly hopeless because we can call to our aid other statistical series which are significant to our investigation. To

base a complete theory of barometrics on merely one item, stock exchange prices, would be far too risky a thing for the cautious statistician. A prolonged and often very weary survey of the whole field of statistics in Canada reveals the fact that for barometrical purposes there are about a dozen most significant indices. There are stock exchange security prices, prices of commodities at wholesale, commercial failures, call loans in New York, current loans in Canada, savings deposits, bank clearings, ton miles of revenue freight on C.P.R., employment, building permits, and such movements of internal trade as, for instance, receipts of wheat at the elevators and of cattle at the stock yards. Now if we arrange these series very carefully and put them through the mill of modern statistical analysis, certain quite illuminating results are obtained; because we can note how these series behave at different periods and how they react towards each other, preceding or following one another at different times and at different intervals. In a short outline such as this it would be out of place to go into this part of our investigation at all thoroughly; it would involve a very long and tedious digression from our main issue, but we may give in short compass the results of our analysis. For this purpose, taking our barometrical indices we measure the period that it takes from first to last to work out completely a period of decline or recovery. Thus, to give an example, in the period of 1902-3 stock exchange security prices reached their highest point in August, 1902. Montreal clearings followed three months later reaching their peak in November.

These were followed by current loans in Canada, which reached their peak in March, 1903; ton miles of revenue freight on the C.P.R. in July, 1903; commodity prices in August, 1903; and commercial failures in November, 1903. Now, measuring from the peak of stock exchange prices to the peak of commercial failures, the whole upswing consumed 15 months in working itself out. Pursuing this method of reckoning the time consumed in a complete period, from the most sensitive to the least sensitive, we shall find the following:

Up trend	1902-3	completed in 15 months
Down trend	1903-5	" " 23 "
Up trend	1905-6	" " 22 "
Down trend	1906-8	" " 19 "
Up trend	1908-10	" " 16 "
Down trend	1910-11	" " 14 "
Up trend	1811-13	" " 18 "

Are these figures significant? We may be allowed to suggest they are, since a glance will show that the puzzling period of 1910 is accounted for, and we find that it fits in very fairly well in the theory we are endeavouring to evolve. A fuller consideration of this point must be postponed to another article.

H. MICHELL.

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